

# THE BEE

## WASHINGTON

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### Death Of A Heroine

Laid to Rest in Payne's.

Some few days ago one of the oldest and most remarkable characters of the Negro race passed into the beyond. Way back in the dark days when the conflict raged hot between those trying to retain slavery and the other side believing that slavery should no longer exist, the contrabands flocked into this city from Maryland and Virginia, and were cared for in the "camp" at 16th and R streets. Here, too, were many wounded soldiers—boys in blue. An angel of mercy wandered up and down this camp, preparing food, binding up wounds, pouring in the oil of sympathy, taking a last thought to be delivered to some loved one at home, wiping off the death-dampened brow, lowering the head and offering up a last prayer, was Mother Daphney Whitlow. When Freedman's Hospital was opened, she went from the camp to continue her good work. She remained in active service in the hospital until about 20 years ago, when old age compelled her to stop. She had so endeared herself to all, and done such good work, both as an army nurse and a hospital nurse, that she was sheltered in Freedman's and cared for as tenderly as though she was an infant. All honor to the physicians and nurses who took such excellent care of this great woman. Last Thursday, at 12:35, the messenger came and called her home, at the ripe old age of 112 years. Dr. Warfield notified Mrs. Julia Mason Layton, secretary of Department of Potomac Woman's Relief Corps, auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Republic. Mrs. Layton notified Mrs. Llewellyn, senior deacon of Vermont Avenue Baptist Church, who, in the name of her church, sent for the body. Mother Whitlow had been a member of the Baptist Church for over 80 years. Mrs. Layton was present at Lincoln Woman's Relief Corps (white), on Friday night, and announced the death of this army nurse. Mrs. Street, of that corps, came forward and gave Mrs. Layton a bill, and asked that a floral tribute be purchased and placed on her casket. Mrs. J. W. Ball, of the same corps, presented Mrs. Layton a large flag to wrap Nurse Whitlow's casket in, and let her be buried with the Stars and Stripes.

The Young People's Shining Star Club, Mrs. Mary Sewell, president, and the Missionary Society, Mrs. Maria Bias, president, assisted the church financially in giving Mother Whitlow a Christian funeral. She having no relatives at all, these two societies followed the corpse as mourners. The church was packed to overflowing. The choir was at its best. Rev. J. Anderson Taylor, assisted by Revs. Enoch Harris, George W. Brent, P. Barton, D. Wiseman and S. P. Drew, paid high tributes to this aged warrior—especially Dr. Wiseman, who had known her in the hospital for about 30 years. Miss Florence Roots read an eulogy from the church and club. It was an imposing sight as the body was conveyed in the church. Miss Annie Grinnage, president of O. P. Market Corps, Miss Julia B. Collier, Mrs. Mary Douglass, of the same corps, and Mrs. Frances Frelinghuysen, of Chas. Sumner Corps, on invitation of Mrs. Layton, served as color bearers, and carried handsome silk flags at half mast. They preceded the corpse. Mrs. Layton followed, carrying the flag and floral tribute tied with the National colors. At the close of the eulogy in behalf of the old soldiers and Woman's Relief Corps, the flag was wrapped around the casket. Other beautiful floral tributes from the doctors and nurses, etc., rested on the flag. In the audience were Dr. Warfield and little son, the Department president and members of the staff, Miss Jordan, Mrs. Collier and Green, and others members of the Relief Corps. Under crossed flags this immense audience passed around to gaze for the last time upon that battle-scarred heroine and Negro army nurse. Peace to her ashes.

### THE HOWARD THEATER.

No Discrimination Allowed—Not All White Shows.

Washington, D. C., November 26, 1910.  
Dear Mr. Chase: I have intended to call upon you, but have been unable to do so, and think that probably this letter may answer the same purpose. I must confess that I am very much concerned in the success of the "Howard Theater," that has recently been erected in this city. I have attended the performances at this place, have watched its progress, and am surprised that it has not so far been a perfect success. You being an editor of a Washington weekly, the oldest colored paper in this District, I know have not been unmindful of the lax support that the playhouse in question has received at the hands of our people. In a recent issue of your paper, I noticed a statement that the Howard in the future would exhibit only white shows. This was a shock to me, in the face of the announced policy in the beginning and the fact that the audience that have attended the house were attracted by the "Smart Set" Company. However, in order to satisfy myself as to the truth of the statement from first hand, I communicated with the management, and received a visit from Mr. Faulkner, the present manager, and had a very lengthy and satisfactory interview with him. He went into detail with me, explaining the late changes, and convinced me that they were for

the best. The two facts about which I was most anxious to be enlightened were first, as stated above, whether its doors were closed forever to colored shows of merit, and second, whether there was to begin a new policy of segregation of the races. To both of these questions I received a negative reply. Of course, the public knows well that if the house depended solely on colored shows of merit, its doors would have to close; then again, it is an evident fact that it was out of the question to try to write plays to order.

The Howard, like every other enterprise, has had to have an experimental stage, and indeed is now passing through that stage in its short existence. No one can deny that it has done well in the past, and the new management promises to surpass its previous efforts in the future. The last play, St. Elmo, was a well-staged, ably presented and refined interpretation of the book. In fact, Mr. Two-mey's dramatization is, according to many critics, far superior to that given at the Academy of Music. Yet we found many of our people attending that place, not, I am afraid, in spite of restrictions they undergo in the way of segregation, etc., but, it seems, because of these conditions. It is very unfortunate for us that this state of affairs exists. It is too bad that so many would rather attend a place where they will be herded together with the very meanest and most insulting of both races, than to go where they have all the privileges that any people can ask; where they can sit where they please, and be free of the atmosphere and restraint of unreasonable and uncalled-for prejudices. Mr. Faulkner assured me that the Howard has and will always have her doors open for the exhibition of any meritorious colored performance. In fact, he showed me his engagement book, so that I could see for myself that there was no truth in that talk of barring colored shows. According to the booked engagements, Mr. Jack Johnson will be at the Howard with a white company; of course, Johnson will be the attraction. The "Smart Set," that scored such a success, is to return this winter, the Dixie Minstrels, "Black Patti" and the Whitney Musical Stock Company, and other attractions for the early spring.

Considering the subject from another standpoint, the financial, let me say that if I use the exact words of Mr. J. S. Rosenthal, the vice president of the National Amusement Company, that he used in his answer to my inquiries, I think the risk that was undertaken and the confidence reposed in the colored population of the District of Columbia by the proprietors of this theater will be made plain and more forcible than I can possibly make them.

Rosenthal says among other things: "We built this theater and dedicated it to the colored people of the District of Columbia to afford them an opportunity of visiting a playhouse on the same terms as their fellowmen, irrespective of race or color. We were aware that such a policy would in all probability cost us the patronage of the white people, but undeterred by this probable loss, we went ahead, believing that there were sufficient self-respecting and appreciative colored people who would patronize our house as to make the investment profitable. We reasoned that one-third of the population of your city is colored, and that there were seven or eight theaters which had to depend on the white population for their patronage, and if these two-thirds could and would support eight theaters, surely one-third could and would support one theater. Besides, we figured that a theater dedicated to their use would appeal to their self-respect and their pride of race, all the more so because of the intense racial prejudices which unfortunately exists in Washington."

No one can object to this view of the situation. Let me say that the new Howard is a magnificent house, in which one feels the exhilarating sensation of unrestrained freedom and sincere welcome. The project is said to have cost in the neighborhood of one hundred thousand dollars. It was no trifling undertaking to plan and erect a building so spacious and complete in all its appointments; and to announce in the very beginning the policy that all can say has been kept to the letter. We can say again that the very undertaking showed the confidence the promoters had in at least the one hundred thousand colored people in the District of Columbia to support it.

The natural conclusion to draw from all that has been said is that at least all the theater goers of the one hundred thousand colored people in the District should see to it that the only theater where they are welcome at all times has their undivided patronage at all times, and shall continue to have it as long as her policies remain unchanged, and I was assured that as the theater was dedicated to these policies, it will never change them so long as the Howard receives the patronage and support of the people that it deserves.

Yours very respectfully,  
WM. A. COLEMAN,  
District Building.

### Banner Meeting of Christian Endeavorers.

A banner meeting among Christian Endeavorers was held at the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church last Sunday, when Reverend Dr. Wallace Radcliffe, pastor of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, and Mr. E. P. Gates, president of the District Christian Endeavor Union, spoke.

Dr. Radcliffe urged upon those present to be true to their faith. He cited the example of the people of Scotland, who the ruler tried to persuade into

his religious ideas. So intent were they upon following their own ideas of worship that they hurriedly got together and signed a covenant swearing allegiance to their faith. Dr. Radcliffe stated that in some instances the sturdy Scotchman would prick their veins and sign the covenant with their own blood. And, on the end, such expressions as "even to the end," "till death," would be added to their names.

The speaker exhorted the young men to take hold with a strong heart and immeasurable courage the places ceded to them, especially in the church, by their fathers. "This," he said, "is an age of young men. Upon your shoulders have been placed the burdens which once were ours." He also exhorted the Christians not to become discouraged.

Mr. E. P. Gates next spoke for a few moments. Never before has the audience listened to such a vivacious and energetic young man. There can be no doubt, whatever, of Mr. Gates' sincerity towards Christianity. He gave many valuable suggestions for increasing the activity of the Endeavor Society. He urged that endeavorers keep before them three fundamentals: "Information, Inspiration and Perspiration." "Without information," he said, "no work can be successfully launched. Without inspiration the work cannot be carried on. And, without perspiration, without physical exertion, the work cannot succeed."

Mr. Gates amused the audience by telling the story of a lover who once wrote a letter to his fiancée. This lover told his fiancée that he was willing to go through fire for her; that he was willing to climb the highest mountain peaks for her; that he was willing to brave the fiercest storms for her. On the end of the letter he put this postscript: "I'll be around to see you Friday night if it don't rain." This, Mr. Gates said, is the way with some professed Christians. They are willing to put in black and white that they will do such and such a thing, and end up with the postscript that "they will be around to prayer meeting Thursday night if it doesn't rain."

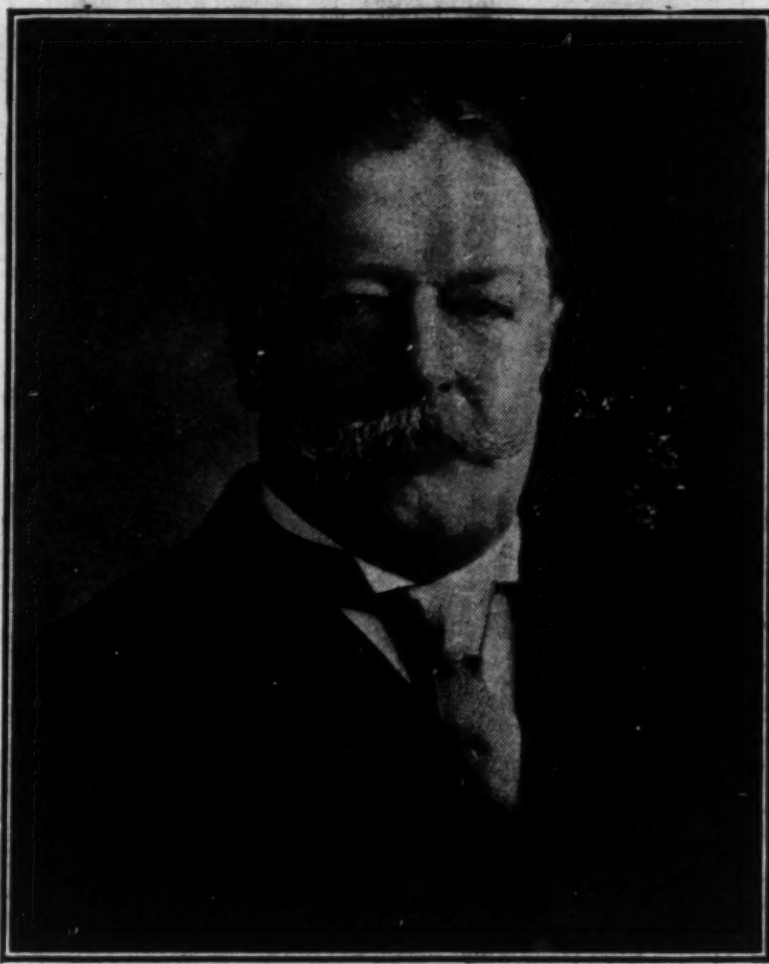
Mr. Gates was so full of enthusiasm, which he injected into the audience, that those present regretted that a previous engagement elsewhere prevented him talking longer.

Mr. Edward Tarring added interest to the meeting by making a few remarks. In conclusion he extended an invitation to the Endeavor Society to join the Endeavor Union. He further stated that any of the fifteen officers of the Union, whose office is in the Colorado Building, would be more than glad to address the society whenever called upon to do so.

Dr. L. B. Moore, of Howard University, and Reverend and Mrs. E. W. Williams, added interest and encouragement to the meeting with a few remarks. Reverend and Mrs. Williams will depart for Abbeville, S. C. this week, to carry on their work in that city.

The audience listened with delight to the duet sung by Misses Ada and Virginia Williams. The rendition by them of "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," held those present enraptured. Miss Katherine Davidge played a mandolin solo. Miss Davidge rendered her selection with the same delicacy which always characterized her playing. She was accompanied by Miss Rosa Hershaw. The Azalea Mandolin and Guitar Club played several selections, which were highly appreciated. Their rendition of "Nearer My God to Thee" held the audience spellbound. Those present undertook a charitable service by subscribing five dollars to a man who was incapacitated in a railroad wreck some months ago. The Endeavor officers are: Miss M. M. Penn, president; Miss Edith Savoy, vice president and pianist; Miss Ellen Lee, secretary, and Miss Ida Freeman, treasurer.

On next Sunday (Dec. 4) Professor Kelly Miller, of Howard University, will speak. The meetings are open to all. Discussions are solicited.



President William Howard Taft

### Refutes His Figures

CONTRADICTS REV. WALDRON.  
Not Fifty Thousand Colored Votes in Ohio.

CLEVELAND, O.—Copies of The Bee, containing Rev. J. Milton Waldron's ambitious circular, giving the number of colored men in various States who voted the Democratic ticket have been received here. He states that 55,000 colored men in Ohio voted the Democratic ticket, when there are not to exceed 45,000 colored voters in the State. The question arises here, how 55,000 could be voted out of 45,000. Based on the vote a colored Democrat received, who ran for the legislature in Franklin County, this State, he received only 383 votes total, when there are 4,000 colored votes in said county, we only have eight per cent of the colored vote voting with the Democrats, and if this ratio was maintained throughout the State, then not more than 3,600 colored men out of the 45,000 colored voters in Ohio voted the Democratic ticket. We out here are of the opinion that Rev. Dr. Waldron knows little of Ohio.

The only way to arrive at a possible understanding of what per cent of voters cast their ballots against the party with which it has been allied is to make a careful analysis of the vote by wards and precincts. The Ohio election shows that the greatest, and practically all, of the heavy falling off of the Republican vote was in the white wards and precincts. In the densely populated colored precincts of Ohio, the Republican vote was normal at the last election, Reverend Doctor Waldron to the contrary notwithstanding. If he doubts this statement, let him send to the Secretary of State and secure the tabulated vote by wards and precincts.

### GALBRAITH CHURCH ANNIVERSARY.

Large Attendance Every Evening. Distinguished Speakers Present.

The fifty-eighth anniversary of the founding of the A. M. E. Zion Church is now being celebrated. The following program with two exceptions, has been carried out:

Sunday will witness the closing of the special financial effort. Monday night there will be a members' reunion. The following program will be observed:

From all indications this effort will exceed all previous amounts raised. The attendance was never so large in the history of the church. Admission to all the services is free, and the public is invited.

Wednesday, Nov. 30.—Sermon by Rev. A. C. Garner, D. D., of Plymouth Congregational Church, accompanied by the choir.

Thursday, Dec. 1.—Sermon by Rev. Dr. Tyler, of Mt. Airy Baptist Church, accompanied by his choir.

Friday, Dec. 2.—Sermon by Rev. W. A. Wilbanks, D. D., of Friendship Baptist Church, accompanied by the choir.

Sunday, Dec. 4.—11 A. M.—Sermon by the pastor, subject: "Our Debt to the Past and Duty to the Future." 8 P. M.—Sermon by the pastor, subject: "The Need of an Old Fashioned Revival and How to Bring It About."

Monday, Dec. 5.—The closing exercises of the fifty-eighth anniversary of Galbraith A. M. E. Zion Church, and the forty-sixth birthday anniversary of the pastor. The following program will be observed:

Music—The Choir.  
Address—"Trustees"—Geo. C. Seurlow.  
Address—"Class Leaders"—Wm. H. Graham.

Address—"Our Sabbath School"—Miss S. J. Janifer.  
Music.

Remarks—Stewardses, Missionary Society, Daughters of Conference, Christian Endeavor, Church Extension, Benevolent Society and Board of Ushers.

Music.  
Recitation—Lient. R. E. Toomey.  
Address—Rev. J. Milton Waldron.  
Presiding Officer—Hon. W. C. Chase.

### Colored Social Settlement.

The regular Christian Endeavor exercises of the Colored Social Settlement on last Sunday evening were of unusual interest. The program, under the management of Miss Ella L. Hawes, was based on Thanksgiving.

The neighborhood children were enthusiastic in doing their parts well. The program consisted of Bible quotations, recitations, and music. A composition, read by a small boy, in which he named some of the things for which he was most thankful, was especially interesting. He mentioned the facts that "I am thankful I am a boy, and that I am a good boy. I am thankful, too, we have the championship of the world, Jack Johnson."

At the end of their program, Mrs. Collins told a beautiful and instructive story of the Bible.

Mrs. Church Terrell spoke eloquently and inspiringly to the children, and urged them to be kind and thoughtful of each other and to animals as well.

Jonathan Davis Consistory elected and installed the following officers: D. I. Renfro, Commander-in-Chief; Richard Gates, First Lieutenant; Commander.

R. J. Campbell, Second Lieutenant; Commander.

J. F. N. Wilkinson, Grand Master of State and Orator.

W. J. Robinson, Grand Prior.

Stephen Johnson, Grand Chancellor.

W. J. Abrams, Grand Secretary and Keeper of the Seals, etc.

L. C. Bailey, Grand Treasurer.

Albert Fortune, Grand Hospitaler.

The Consistory will hold the memorial services some time during the month of January.

### Commissioned as an Assistant National Inspector.

Mrs. Belle E. Harris, president of the National Woman's Relief Corps, of Emporia, Kans., has just appointed Mrs. Julia Mason Layton to inspect the corps of the South. Mrs. Harris says "I am going to honor you and honor your race by sending you to the Southland to inspect the detached corps," etc., etc. Mrs. Layton will very soon start out on her work of love. She will go to the following cities in Georgia: Tallapoosa, Fitzgerald, and Savannah. Florida: Key West, Jacksonville, Tampa, and S. Jacksonville. North Carolina: Newberne, Elizabeth City and Wilmington. South Carolina: Beaufort, Charleston, Hilton Head and Bluffton. Tennessee: Nashville, Memphis, Ridge-dale and Pulaski. Virginia: Norfolk, Portsmouth, Waterway, Machipongo, Hampton, Savageville, Mapsville, Suffolk, Cheapside and Petersburg.

Also possibly to Mississippi and Louisiana. The expenses of this entire trip is borne by the National convention. For years it has been a pleasant trip during the winter months for some member of the other race to take this long trip. This department was organized in 1890. It has had 11 corps, nine of which were white and two colored. At present there are nine corps, two are colored and seven white. The colored, O. P. Morton No. 1, and Chas. Sumner, No. 2, have always stood in the foremost ranks. Among some who have made brilliant records as corps presidents, and also on the Department Council, may be mentioned Miss Mattie R. Bowen, Mrs. E. W. Marshall, Mrs. C. E. Wilkin-son (deceased), Mrs. C. E. Butcher, Dr. Carrie H. Thomas, Mrs. Mary E. Griffin, Mrs. Mamie Hutchins, Miss Marie L. Jordan, Mrs. Julia C. Collier, Mrs. A. E. Cromwell, Miss Sophia Brooks, Mrs. Mary Duvall, Miss Hat-tie Saunders (deceased), Mrs. Rachel Brooks, Miss A. V. Thompsons, Miss Annie Grinnage, Mrs. Julia West Hamilton, Mrs. Lula Chase Golds-berry, Mrs. Clara Chase Knox, Miss Emma Patterson, Miss Mary Howard, Mrs. Fowler. These good women and many others have done and are doing now yeoman service.

This department has had 21 years of constant service, and Mrs. Julia Mason Layton has been in some way connected with every administration. She has served as senior vice president, press correspondent (five terms), department secretary under seven presidents by appointment, and is now department secretary, department inspector, past national assistant inspector, past national special aide; been elected three times as delegate-at-large, and secretary of nearly every convention. At the last Department Convention she was presented with a costly jeweled ring made by Tiffany, New York City. The center is a large pigeon ruby, brought from the mines of South America, and presented by one of the first presidents she served. This ruby is surrounded by small diamonds for as many years as the Department is old (21). This was given her by her friends of both races in the Woman's Relief Corps and Grand Army.

Maj. Gen. Wood, chief of staff, in his annual report to the Secretary of War, paints a gloomy picture of the lack of preparedness of the army in case of war.

A procession of 10,000 students hearing flags invaded the Newski Prospect and sang hymns in honor of the memory of Count Leo Tolstoi.

### PARAGRAPHIC NEWS

(By Miss G. B. Maxfield.)

Ex-President Roosevelt will break silence at the proper time. He is discussing quietly in his mind what to say.

The Howard Park Citizens' Association will take up the Normal School site.

The friends of Dr. Lewis Moore will urge him as the successor of Mr. R. C. Bruce.

There are at least five members of the Board of Education who favor a change in the office of colored assistant superintendent of schools. There are at least two colored members of the Board included in the five.

The judges of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia look very dignified in their gowns.

The President settled the boiler-makers' strike on the canal.

Parents believe that they have a right to criticize the conduct in a school room, as well as a teacher.

It is doubtful whether William J. Bryan will attend the Democratic Peace Conference.

The grandfather clause adopted by the Democrats of Maryland has been declared unconstitutional.

The friends of Dr. S. L. Corrothers say that he will be elected bishop to succeed the late Bishop Smith.

A plot was discovered to dynamite the works of the Federal Steel Construction Company, a part of the American Bridge Company of Chicago, last week.

The body of Dr. Brown, of Cecil County, Md., aged 35 years, was found 12 miles below Wilmington, Del.

The Department of Justice will take steps to dissolve the sugar trust. This trust is restraining trade.

John Bigelow, aged 93, will celebrate his birthday. He is a leading gentleman in New York.

One of the proposed revisions of the public schools in this city is the elimination of foreign languages, except Latin and Greek, when the pupil proposes to pursue a college course.

President Cox, President of the Board of Education, is in favor of using the rod on the children now and then.

After being missing for 160 years, an equestrian portrait of Philip IV of Spain, painted in 1623, has been discovered at the residence of the Duke of Parma, at Schwanzau. It is reported that the painting has been sold to an English firm of art dealers for \$400.

Former United States Senator Jas. Smith, of New Jersey, has announced his intention of bringing a suit for libel against Julian A. Gregory, Mayor-elect of East Orange.

A skeleton, believed to be that of an Indian chief, was unearthed in Dorchester, Mass. Near the bones were found a tomahawk, two spears and a jar of beads.

Jesse Bluestone, a former member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, was found guilty of complicity in the white slave trade in Pittsburgh, Pa.

Rev. Charles G. Lewis, a native of Darby, Pa., but who has been engaged in missionary work in China since 1895, died quite suddenly while home-ward bound.

Robert T. Graham is about to end his 4,000 mile walk from Oregon to New York. He is sixty-five years of age, and ascribes his endurance to teetotalism.

The preliminary plans of the Russell Sage foundation, to be established by Mrs. Sage as a memorial to her husband, are well under way. She plans to establish a model suburban city, providing healthy and beautiful homes for persons of moderate means.

The Rev. Dr. William E. Barton, of Chicago, is offering a prize for the words of a hymn that will extol the virtues of "Father." He claims religious hymns are filled with songs to mother, military hymns, such as "Onward, Christian Soldiers," but none to "Father."

On the 25th of November the residents of the South Side of Chicago were attracted by strange lights in the southeastern skies at night, resembling the tail of a comet, about half way to the zenith.

The Improvement Association of Colored Children gave a dinner to 60 little tots at their rooms, 1337 Seventh street. The Association has entered upon its 11th year, during which time 3,000 children have been recipients of clothing, food and instruction in industry and good citizenship.

For the purpose of renewing old acquaintances and placing his children in American schools, Liang Tun Yen, formerly President of the Foreign Office at Peking, China, and a diplomat of many years' experience, arrived in New York recently to place his two sons in school.

William Sprague, the aged war Governor of Rhode Island, is reported seriously ill in Paris. The Governor passed his 80th birthday about two weeks ago.

The Scioto Gazette, the oldest American newspaper without a change of name, has celebrated its 110th anniversary with a handsomely illustrated historical edition. This veteran Ohio paper was first printed on an old hand press in 1800.

Associate Justice Charles E. Hughes will be appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. His name will be sent to the Senate for confirmation a few days after Congress convenes.

Cardinal Gibbons, in a talk before the students of St. Catherine Normal Institute, of Baltimore, said to "Avoid following those who desire woman suffrage. Do not follow in the steps of these. The place for the woman is in the home." Good advice.







## GOT HIM CHEAP.

The Way Sir Morel Mackenzie, the Famous Surgeon, Was Once Cleverly Tricked.

Sir Morel Mackenzie once received a wire from Antwerp asking him his charges for a certain operation. He replied \$500 and was told to come at once. When he stepped upon the dock he was met by three men in mourning, who informed him sadly that he had come too late, the patient had died.

"But," said the spokesman of the party, "we shall pay you your full fee." And they did. "And now," said the man, "since you are here, what do you say to visiting the city hospital and giving a clinic for the benefit of our local surgeons? It is not often they have an opportunity of benefiting by such science as yours."

Sir Morel said he would gladly comply. He went to the hospital and performed many operations, among which were two of a similar nature to that for which he had been called for. When he had finished all thanked him profusely. On the steamer going home he met a friend, who had a business house in Antwerp.

"Pretty scurry trick they played on you, Sir Morel."

"What do you mean?" asked the surgeon.

"Told you the patient died before you arrived, didn't they?"

"Yes."

"Lies. You operated on him and a friend with the same trouble at the clinic. Got two operations for one price."

## HE WAS EXCITED.

And Yet He Was Making Only a Very Reasonable Request.

It was a dramatic scene, pregnant with the most tragic possibilities. Thus thought a witness to the meeting of three Italians near the big express depot at Fifteenth and Market streets. A man and woman who were delivering a trunk into the hands of a clerk were suddenly confronted by another man, who was highly excited. He approached the woman. In voluble Italian he raved and swore and pleaded, while she shrilled equally excited answers. The other man stood back against the wall, his arms folded defiantly, his head sunk on his chest. It certainly looked as if daggers were to be drawn. The interested bystander asked of some listeners who understood the rapidly spluttered dialect what the trouble was all about.

"Why," was the volunteered translation, "this woman has run away from her husband with this man," pointing to the sulky individual.

"Oh, and he is begging her to return?" was the next query.

"Not on your life," was the expressive reply. "She has packed up all her husband's clothes in her trunk, as well as her own, and he is begging her to give back at least his Sunday suit."—Philadelphia Record.

## Baked Men.

Workers in porcelain factories are literally baked, but by some miracle of use and wont they remain sufficiently underdone to live. At least if they are not quite baked they endure a stronger heat than that which browns the Sunday sirloin. The furnaces wherein porcelain is finished are kept at the fiercest heat used in any industry. A chain of workmen, their heads and bodies swathed in fireproof garments, take the finished pieces from the fire one at a time and pass them to the cooling room. The man at the head of this chain—he who stands nearest the furnace—can work in only five minute shifts. In his intervals of rest he lies on a mattress drinking glass after glass of ice water from the hands of a small boy. At lunchtime all about the chain of men steaks grill.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## Just Tolerable.

Concerning a certain time serving Washington clergyman of whom a visitor was one day expressing a harsh estimate President Lincoln said:

"I think you are rather hard on Mr. —. He reminds me of a man in Illinois who was arrested for passing a counterfeit bill. He admitted that he had taken it to a bank cashier to know if it was a good bill. 'Well, what was the reply of the cashier?' asked his lawyer. 'Why,' evasively answered the prisoner, 'he said it was a pretty tolerable, respectable sort of a bill.'"

Mr. Lincoln thought the clergyman "a pretty tolerable, respectable sort of a clergyman."

## At Close Range.

"Who is that neglected looking little boy with dirt over his face?"

"He is the child of the noted astronomer who lives over the way."

"Oh, is he? Come here, sonny. Run home and tell your father he doesn't need his telescope if he wants to see spots on the sun."—Baltimore American.

## His Trouble.

Friend—Don't worry because your sweetheart has turned you down since you lost your money. There are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught. Jilted One—Yes, but I've lost my bait.—Harper's Bazar.

## Ripe Old Age.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a ripe old age? Pa—It's the age, my son, at which a man is willing to admit that he's not the only dried apple in the pantry.—Chicago News.

## The Doctor's Orders.

Mrs. O'Harrigan—Phoy have ye stuck this empty flask under th' baby? Mrs. Carey—Th' doctor's orders. He told me Oid' have to keep th' baby on a bottle.—Judge.

Not to outshine, but to shine upon, his neighbors is the successful man's mission.—Towne.

## LATHAM'S HOME RUN.

And How It Figured In Having Him Dubbed "the Dude," as Told by Charley Comiskey.

Charley Comiskey told the story of how Arlie Latham came to be called "the dude."

"One spring during Latham's term of service with the good old St. Louis Browns," said Comiskey, "he jumped into the opening game of the season and won us a victory by knocking out a home run in the last inning. Chris von der Ahe from his place in the grand stand saw Arlie make his sensational hit and naturally enthused. After the game 'der boss president' entered the clubhouse and in that peculiar dialect of his said to Latham:

"Arlie, my boy, you must be glad that I, Chris, was proud mit you, an' I will show you vat my feelings is by giving you the present of somedings for you to wear on yourself. Take dis order on mine own tailor an' go an' dress up yourself."

"Chris' order on the tailor read something like this:

"Give to Arlie der f'ings vat he buys, an' send to me der bill."

"Latham didn't do a thing on the strength of that order but replenish his wardrobe. For three days in succession he showed up at the ball park in a fine makeup, and every suit of clothes was brand new. On the fourth day Chris got a bill from the clothing people for \$100. Naturally he sent for Latham and demanded an explanation.

"Why, Chris, old pal," said Lath, "there's nothing to explain. Didn't you agree in that order you gave me to pay for what I bought, and haven't I just begun to buy? Why, old pal, I have only got three suits and expect to be measured for another this afternoon. What's wrong?"

"Arlie," replied Von der Ahe, "you vas de one infernal dude in de pizness. I will dis bill pay, but you will yourself go to der tailor an' mit him explain vot I dink of der impudence of you yourself. You vill also stop mit de clothes you now have on an' do no more mit such foolishness mit der man vot pays your salary. Arlie, you vas one dude, an' if you play mit any errors dis afternoon I vill myself fine you all der bootiful clothes you have yourself bought."

"From that day Latham became known to the baseball world as 'the dude.'"

## A Curious Structure.

On the road from Clifton down to Avonmouth the traveler will pass, in the Avon gorge, a curious structure to which a singular tradition is attached, relates the London Tatler. The story is that a person named Cook about a century ago was told by a gypsy in the Leigh woods that his only son would be killed by a serpent before he reached the age of twenty-one. To avert this he built a high tower and shut his son in the topmost room with the intention of secluded him there until the fatal age was passed. However, by accident a viper was taken up in a fagot to the room to light the fire, and it crept from the fagot and bit the boy so that he died. Therefore the tower was called Cook's Folly, and that is its name to this day, whatever is the true explanation.

## An Ignoble Use.

Washington Irving in "Crayon Papers" says: "I was once at an evening entertainment given by the Duke of Wellington at Apsley House to William IV. The duke had manifested his admiration of his great adversary, Napoleon, by having portraits of him in different parts of the house. At the bottom of the grand staircase stood the colossal statue of the emperor by Canova. It was of marble in the antique style, with one arm partly extended, holding a figure of Victory. Over this arm the ladies in tripping upstairs to the ball had thrown their shawls. It was a singular office for the statue of Napoleon to perform in the mansion of the Duke of Wellington!

Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay, etc.

## The Elder That Swore.

An elder of the kirk, having found a little boy and his sister playing marbles on Sunday, put his reproof in this form, not a judicious one for a child: "Boy, do you know where children go who play marbles on Sabbath day?"

"Ay," said the boy. "They gang down to the field by the water below the brig."

"No," roared out the elder; "they go to hell and are burned."

The little fellow, really shocked, called to his sister: "Come awa', Jeanie. Here's a man swearing awfully."—Reminiscences of Dean Ramsay.

## Hats as Aids to Matrimony.

"The wise woman is as careful about the choice of a hat as she is about the choice of a husband." The celebrated author who uttered this dictum may have exaggerated a little, but not much. And allow me, a woman, to tell you solemn men whom I see sneering at the "frivolity" of my sex that often the cleverest among you chooses a wife for no better reason than that the woman thus selected has herself chosen a becoming hat!—Mme. C. De Broutelles in Grand Magazine.

## Seeking Relief.

Darkey (boarding a train)—I heard 'bout youh wife dyin', Jim. Whar you gwine now?

"I's off to join de Mormons. Hit keeps one woman hustlin' too much to support a heavy eatab lak me."—Life.

To speak or write Nature did not preemptly order thee but to wear, she did.—Carlyle.

## LEE AT APPOMATTOX.

One of the Most Notable Scenes in the History of the War—The Parting of Comrades.

Men who saw the defeated general when he came forth from the chamber where he had signed the articles of capitulation say that he paused a moment as his eyes rested once more on the Virginia hills, smote his hands together as though in some excess of inward agony, then mounted his gray horse, Traveler, and rode calmly away.

If that was the very Gethsemane of his trials, yet he must have had then one moment of supreme, if chastened, joy. As he rode quietly down the lane leading from the scene of capitulation he passed into view of his men—of such as remained of them. The news of the surrender had got abroad, and they were waiting, grief stricken and dejected, upon the hill-sides when they caught sight of their old commander on the gray horse. Then occurred one of the most notable scenes in the history of the war. In an instant they were about him, bareheaded, with tear wet faces, thronging him, kissing his hand, his boots, his saddle; weeping, cheering him amid their tears, shouting his name to the very skies. He said: "Men, we have fought through the war together. I have done my best for you. My heart is too full to say more."—From "Robert E. Lee, the Southerner."

## ERROR MEANT DEATH.

Typesetters and Proofreaders on Chinese Paper Careful.

China, with all its vast population, boasts not quite two dozen daily papers, but among them are the two oldest papers in the world. The Kin Pan used to be considered by Europeans the oldest paper, but it has been issued a mere thousand years. The Tsing Pao, or Pekin News, was first published 590 years before the Norman conquest and has been issued without intermission for nearly 1,400 years. The Tsing Pao has the appearance of a yellow backed magazine of twenty-four octavo pages, each page containing seven columns, consisting of seven "characters."

Two editions are published—an edition de luxe for the court and the upper classes at a cost of 24 cents a month, and an edition inferior in paper and printing, costing 18 cents a month. It has a circulation of about 10,000 and is really the principal paper of China, chronicling the movements of the emperor and of the court and printing the ministerial reports. It is probably the most exact newspaper in the world. The punishment for an error in printing was until recently, at least, instant death.—New York Times.

## Old London Cookshops.

Mediaeval London, besides being a "city of taverns," was famous for its cookshops, such as the place on the river bank described by Fitzstephen in the thirteenth century: "There every day ye may call for any dish of meat, roast, fried or sodden, fish both small and great, venison and fowl. If friends come upon a sudden wearied with travel to a citizen's house and they be loath to wait for curious preparations and dressings of fresh meat let the servant run to the water side, where all things that can be desired are at hand." This particular place of public cookery apparently did an indoor as well as an outdoor trade, for Fitzstephen further described it as being used both day and night by "multitudes of soldiers or other strangers who refresh themselves to their content on roast goose, the fowl of Africa and the rare gadwit of Ionia." But what were the two last mentioned viands?—London Chronicle.

## Sickroom Mirrors.

"Only a hand mirror should find place in a sickroom," said a doctor, "and it should be one flattering to the patient—the kind, for instance, which if the face is too broad will lengthen it a little. And the patient should only be allowed to look in the mirror at propitious times. Many a patient has been frightened literally to death by his haggard reflection—has looked, sighed and renounced hope. But many another patient in a really bad way—really desperate, too—being given a look at himself just after he has taken a stimulant has bucked up wonderfully. In fact, a sickroom mirror wisely handled is a curative agent, while recklessly handled it may kill."

## His Usual Way.

The new waitress sidled up to a dapper young man at the breakfast table, who, after glancing at the bill, opened his mouth, and a noise issued forth that sounded like the ripping off of all of the cogs on one of the wheels in the power house. The new waitress made her escape to the kitchen. "Fellow out there insulted me," she said. The head waiter looked at him. "I'll get it," he said. "That's just the train caller ordering his breakfast."—Argonaut.

## Improved.

"How do you like your alarm clock?" asked the jeweler.

"First rate."

"You didn't seem pleased with it at first."

"No, but it's broken now."—Tit-Bits.

## Warm.

"The spirit of your husband wishes to speak with you, madam."

"What does he say?"

"He says that he doesn't have to dress in a cold room."—Bohemian.

## Crushed Again.

Mrs. Denham—Do you think that I shall be a good looking old woman? Denham—I don't know why you should expect any such radical change.—New York Press.



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CHINA'S GRAND CANAL. At Times It Holds Water Enough to Float Boats, but Usually They Are Dragged Over Mud Banks.

Of some of the crude and outgrown methods used on China's Grand canal a writer in the North China Daily News remarks: "The junction of the real canal with the Wei river was not by means of a lock, but simply a high and steeply sloping mud bank, over which the grain vessels had to be dragged by the force of perhaps many hundreds of men. It should be borne in mind that in China the lock of a canal is not much more like our idea of what that name connotes than it is like a padlock. Amid constant and often serious changes of level, with an uncertain and not infrequently a scanty supply of water, and with a grain fleet which traveled in blocks of some eighty vessels under one officer, it was necessary to devise some way for keeping them together and for transferring them as a consolidated unit with this in view.

"For this reason a Chinese lock on the Grand canal is nothing but a stone gateway into which large boards may be lowered through a groove in the stones, restraining most of the water from its flow, until there is a depth sufficient to float all the craft, when the boards are pulled up and the entire fleet passes through.

"After this the boards are again lowered for another division of the grain boats. In case the water gives out—a by no means unlikely occurrence—there is nothing to do but to wait until more comes from some where."

Take one quart of dough from the bread in the early morning, break three eggs, separating whites from yolks, whip both to a light froth, mix into the dough and gradually add lukewarm water till the consistency of griddle cakes. Beat well and let rise till breakfast time, then have the griddle hot and well greased, pour on the batter in small cakes and bake between

## WORTH ADVERTISING FOR

There are 5,499 Negroes employed here in Washington by the Government alone, and these 5,499 Negroes draw salaries aggregating \$3,044,404. These more than three millions of dollars are spent right here in Washington, but scattered among the hundreds of tradesmen. Is this amount of money worth bidding for? It certainly is, and not even the largest stores in this city would refuse to get the big end of it did they but realize how much money the Negroes are really spending.

Now The Bee is the only Negro publication in this city. It stands without a rival or competitor, and covers the field like a few of the merchants in this city will patronize the advertising columns of The Bee, presenting the attractive bargains they may have, these Negroes—these 5,499 Negroes who draw annually from the Government over three millions of dollars—will assume that by patronizing a publication edited and operated by one of their race that such firms desire and deserve their patronage. And such firms will receive the bulk of these over three millions of dollars received and spent by the Negroes of Washington.

What clothing stores, what furniture stores, what dry goods stores, and what other lines of business will now make an effort to divert to themselves these over three millions of dollars spent by Washington Negroes by advertising in The Bee?

Place your advertising in The Bee and watch these 5,499 appreciative Negroes spend their over three millions of dollars with you.

Now is the time to advertise in The Bee, the newspaper that goes into every Negro home in Washington. Remember, merchants of Washington, it's what advertising pays you, not what it costs.

## MORE MONEY—RACE PROGRESS.

If colored people groom themselves daintily, destroy perspiration odors, remove grease shine from the face, and use our new discoveries for improving the skin and dressing the hair, they will be better received in the business world, make more money, and advance faster.

The Chemical Wonder Company of New York is the best business friend colored people have. It improves their bodies as Dr. Booker Washington improves their minds. That Company manufactures nine Chemical Wonders, which will make colored people as attractive as individual peculiarities will permit. Colored men in New York who use these Wonders hold better situations in banks, clubs and business houses, and women have better positions, marry better, get along better.

(1.) Complexion WonderCream will light up any colored face (black or brown) every time it is used. To prove this on one trial, we send demonstration sample for 10 cents. Regular, 50 cents postpaid.

(2.) Magneto-Metallic Comb, called Wonder Comb. Can be heated before using, to help straighten and dress the hair. Costs 50 cents, and will last a lifetime.

(3.) Wonder Uncurl. When this pomade dressing is in the hair the kinks can be uncured and the hair becomes flexible. When heated into the scalp and through the hair with a Wonder Comb, any stiff, knotty hair will dress well. 50 cents postpaid.

(4.) Wonder Hair Grow fertilizes the scalp and makes hair grow long, just as fertilizers in the soil make cornstalks grow. 50 cents postpaid.

(5.) Odor Wonder Powder instantly destroys perspiration odor. People who neglect such chemical cleansing are obnoxious. 50 cents postpaid.

(6.) Odor Wonder Liquid. This fine toilet water surrounds the body with delicate perfume. When used with used with Odor Wonder Powder the conditions of the body become perfect. If you can spare 50 cents extra, order this luxury. 50 cents postpaid.

(7.) Wonder Foot Powder keeps the feet dainty. 50 cents, postpaid.

(8.) Wonder Wash. A shampoo to clean from dandruff and insure the health of the hair and scalp. 50 cents postpaid.

(9.) Shell Pink Creme will give light brown girls beautiful pink cheeks without made-up appearance. 50 cents postpaid. We guarantee all these Wonders as represented.

We give advice free about hair, skin and scalp. Will send book an attractiveness free. We will prove we are true business friends of colored people.

We require one agent for every locality and guarantee you against loss. Only \$2 capital required.

Always write to M. B. Berger & Co., 2 Rector Street, New York. We market all the Chemical Wonder Company preparations.

## Richardson's Pure Drug Store

316 4 1/2 Street, S. W.

Just received a large assignment of fresh drugs and a large collection of very fine toilet preparations, Easter goods, and many useful articles, just the thing you desire for Easter offering.

Richardson's Old Reliable Pure Drug Store,

316 4 1/2 Street, S. W.

and 14th and R Streets, N. W.

The commission in charge of the Illinois Hall of Fame, at Champaign, has decided that the late Philip D. Armour is entitled to recognition, owing to his services in promoting the livestock industry in the United States.

Cardinal Logue, the prelate of Ireland, who is in Durham, N. C., to attend the consecration service of St. Patrick's Cathedral, said: "The colored people should have been educated first, then gradually emancipated. It was a mistake to set them free, untutored and helpless."

There are many colored families who are living in crowded houses on small plots of land in towns or cities who want real freedom and real opportunity for themselves and for their children. It is very difficult to rear children in a crowded town or city. The place to rear children is in the country.

In Macon County, Alabama, the colored people have a rare and ex-

ceptional opportunity. This is the county in which The Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute is located. There is plenty of good land for sale on easy terms. There is a good schoolhouse, and the school term lasting from seven to eight months in every part of the county. The white people in Macon County are of the very best class. There is no disorder or racial trouble. We advise colored people who are now living in crowded towns or cities, in the North or in the South, and especially those who have children to raise to come to Macon County and buy a home where they can get plenty of land to cultivate and rear their families in the county free from the temptations of the cities and towns. For further information write or see:

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## WHO IS THE MAN?

It is a question of conjecture among the politicians in this country as to who the man is to lead the Republican party to victory in 1912. Will there be a fight between the Taft and Roosevelt forces in the selection of delegates to the convention? Has the administration strengthened itself by surrendering to the Democratic party and the Lily-whites south? Is not the administration convinced that all the offices that have been given to Southern Democrats have not influenced the South in the least? Will President Taft, in the face of the crushing defeat his party received at the polls Nov. 8 and the rebuke the State of Ohio gave the President, continue to thrust upon the Democratic representatives of the country official patronage?

President Taft said that he was not after Democratic votes, but the good will of the Democratic party. Will the President say that the result of the election of Nov. 8 was the expression of the good will of the Democratic party? It is believed the President wants to be fair and just to all classes of citizens, irrespective of politics, but is the Democratic party appreciative?

It doesn't look to The Bee as if the efforts of the President are appreciated. If the Democratic party had any sense it would take advantage of its recent victories. The Tammany Democrats in New York are abused, but they certainly know how to get and retain the colored vote.

The Southern Democrats will never learn any sense until they are wiped out of existence. The present administration has given Southern Democrats every office of any prominence; Lily-white Republicans have been encouraged to eliminate the colored Republicans from politics. Now there is a scheme to have every colored man in the railway mail service discharged, and after every colored employe in the railway mail service and postal service is discharged, then it is said the places will be covered by the civil service.

Under these conditions who is the man to lead the Republican party to victory in 1912? Who is the man? That is the question. The Republican National Convention must nominate a man acceptable to the Northern colored voters. If such a man is not selected, and if the Democratic party exercises wisdom, the colored vote will be a factor. The Northern Democrats do exercise better judgment than Southern Democrats, and it is quite evident that the Northern Democrats appreciate the force of the colored vote.

If the Democratic party should nominate Harmon, of Ohio, or Gaynor, of New York, or Foss, of Massachusetts, the colored vote would be divided.

The Bee is unaware of any Republican who could unite the colored vote outside of Senator Foraker, of Ohio. The colored vote at this time is hopelessly divided.

Where is the man?

## THE HORIZON OF 1912.

Seventy years ago Lincoln said: "I go for all sharing the privileges of government who assist in bearing its burdens." There are more than ten million colored men and women in this country, and all of them assist in bearing the burdens. In fact, the heaviest burden is upon them—hewing the wood and drawing the water. And yet all those south of Mason and Dixon have but few of the privileges of government. They

build, but they cannot occupy. They sew, but they cannot reap. They paint the golden colors of promise upon the canvas of possession, yet cannot enjoy it. When a colored man in the South stops to reflect—those who obey laws in whose making they have no part, that race prejudice not only keeps pace with, but out-distances material and educational advance, they cannot help but exclaim: "How long, oh, how long, God of Jacob."

If we must obey the laws, we should have a part in their making. If we must pay taxes to support the government, we should be fairly represented in that government. Our tax rate is the same as the white man's. No discriminating in tax assessments.

The fair South, with its verdant fields, its luscious fruits, its salubrious climate, cannot always be fair if one portion of her people long imitate Nero while the other, like the slow, patient ox, must bear the yoke of disfranchisement. The Lily-white Republicans of the South who so-laced themselves into the sweet dream that by excluding the colored man from every right of suffrage and barring him from every citizen privilege, would give to the South a party that would sweep the South from the Old Dominion to Galveston Bay, were ruthlessly awakened November 8 by the horrible fact of their being infinitely less potential without the colored vote than they were with it, and that, after all, the Lily-white propaganda was but a juggernaut car that rolled heavily over the hopes of the party in the North.

The Republican party cannot succeed by throwing overboard the millions of loyal colored voters simply to make room for a handful of seasoned Democrats who, marshalled under the banner of "Lily-white Republicans," are merely foragers for office. The sooner the Republicans of the North get back to Lincoln's golden-hued philosophy, "all sharing the privileges of government who assist in bearing its burdens," the sooner will victory appear above the horizon of 1912. The Negro is a Republican from choice and by tradition. If he ever becomes a Democrat, it will be under protest.

## THE HOWARD THEATER.

The editor of The Bee has been assured by the management of the Howard Theater that the theater when erected was dedicated to all classes of reputable citizens, irrespective of color, and that there will be no discrimination allowed or practiced on the part of the management against the colored citizens. The colored patrons will be permitted to purchase seats for any part of the theater, and that the following colored shows will be at this theater: Two weeks in March, the Smart Set; Down in Dixie Minstrels, a new minstrel organization; Whitney Comedy Company on or about March 6, and Black Patti will appear at this theater Dec. 4. To-morrow evening there will be no concert, because the Elks have engaged the theater for that evening, including the Howard Orchestra.

Whenever a first-class colored company makes its appearance in this country it will be shown at the Howard Theater. The gentleman who stated to The Bee that no colored shows would appear at this theater has nothing to do with the booking of shows for the Howard. If there is any attempt on the part of the management of this theater to discriminate against its patrons The Bee will be the first paper to inform them.

## NOT THE MAN.

There are at least five members of the Board of Education who believe that Mr. R. C. Bruce is not the man to be at the head of the colored schools, and two of the five are colored. The citizens of this city have long since come to the conclusion that Mr. Bruce ought to resign. The Bee is satisfied that Congress will give the Board of Education a chance to request Mr. Bruce's resignation, or it will abolish the office. The colored citizens would prefer to have the office; but if by holding on to the office means the longer retention of Mr. Bruce, they want the office abolished. Mr. Bruce has outlived his usefulness. The Board of Education is convinced of that fact, and the best thing that can be done is for the board to request his resignation; and if he refuses to tender it, then remove him. The people will not be satisfied unless he is removed, and another more acceptable to the schools and people is appointed.

## WASHINGTON'S TOUR ABROAD.

The readers of The Bee and those who don't read The Bee should not fail to subscribe now and be in time for the remarkable tour of Dr. Booker T. Washington through Ireland, England, Scotland, France and other European countries. These letters are written exclusively for The Bee. They will not appear in any other paper. Send in your name

## HIS TRAVELS ABROAD.

There will appear in this paper six articles especially written for The Bee by Dr. Booker T. Washington of his travels and what he saw. These articles will be six in number, and those who want to take advantage of the articles should send for The Bee at once. Dr. Washington, as the world knows, is one of the smoothest writers in the world; a philosophical reasoner. Don't fail to read these articles. They will appear in no other paper. The cost of making this trip and securing the material has been considerable. Send for The Bee now.

## HOBOGLINS.

Race Question Still the "Boo-ga-Boo" of the South.

### Equality Leads to Crime.

Political equality of the races tends to encourage social equality, and social equality leads to disorder and crime.—Ex-Gov. E. E. Jackson, of Maryland.

### Can Never Reach Level of Whites.

No man, whether he is Washington or the concentrated embodiment of all the great men who ever lived, white or black, can by any imaginable process lead the Negro to the level of the white man.—Clark Howell, editor of the Atlanta Constitution.

### Will Never Reach White Standard.

It will take years to bring the Negro up to the highest standard, which will never be that of the white race. We propose to settle the race question in the only possible way—the complete separation of whites and Negroes.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### Plain Facts.

The time has come that the colored man will be last in nothing. As a matter of fact, the colored man has all the fine senses the white man has, and when an opportunity is given him to put them all in operation, he will go down to posterity as the white man's equal.—The Bee.

### Discrimination.

"God made the world and all things therein, seeing that He is Lord of heaven and earth \* \* \* \* \* And hath made of one blood all nations to dwell on the face of the earth."—Bible.

God created all men equal, of one blood all men were made. Yet the whites judge all inferior who are of a darker shade. Just one drop of life's red fluid traced from Ethiopia's strand, makes you as an unclean being—taints you with the "Jim Crow" brand. Matters not how pure, how noble; matters not how good, how true; if you're black, brown or mulatto, it's the "Jim Crow" brand for you.

You may be as rich as John D., be as wise as Socrates, Crackers in the South will hail you, "Nigger, take the Jim Crow, please." Oh, yes, you can hire a special, if you are a man of means. Else it's one end of one front car crowded, packed in like sardines. While the lowest, dirtiest white folk ride the best cars everywhere, yet you buy a first-class ticket, and you pay a first-class fare.

They tell me that this country is the land where justice dwell; That all good folk go to heaven, and all bad folk go to— That the white folk are the models; that the black folk should imitate. If we'd imitate them fully, our hearts would be filled with hate; And they say that love's the lever that pulls all mankind on high— If that's true, why, then, most black folk surely ought to reach the sky.

If there is a prize for loving enemies who persecute, Then the Son of Ham will surely win that prize beyond dispute. Lynched and burned, Jim Crowed, down-trodden, thrust aside on every hand, We that boast of truth and justice, country, home and native land, Oh, we have friends by the hundred who would give all square deal, Else we'd all be ground to powder 'neath the Negro-hater's heel.

God created all men brothers; of one blood all men were made— And He knows none by their color, creed, or rank, nor wealth, nor grade.

Hearts, pure hearts, and souls are counted ever precious in His sight: There's no line to bar good people whether yellow, black or white. In that land there is real welcome for all who will enter in— There's no Jim Crow laws, no lynching, Negro-haters, death or sin. —James Conway Jackson.

### Architect Pittman Arrives Home.

Mr. W. Sidney Pittman, the architect of this city, has been spending a number of days in the South, principally in North Carolina, on professional business. He left the city on the morning after Thanksgiving, returning Saturday of this week. While he was divided his time among friends and patrons at Greensboro, Lexington, Charlotte and Durham

C., stopping at the latter place to close up the construction and completion of the great White Rock Baptist Church, and also to attend the wedding ceremonies of one of the daughters of Mr. John Merrick, one of Durham's most substantial citizens. Both at Greensboro and Charlotte Mr. Pittman received contracts on new work; at the former place through Messrs. Mitchell and Adkins, the enterprising legal and real estate firm of the city, and at Charlotte for Mr. J. T. Sanders, the most successful Negro attorney and financier of his city.

Angry Father (to little Willie)—Why are your clothes soiled so frightfully? Little Willie (whimpering)—I fell in the gutter.

Angry Father—And with your new pants on? Little Willie—Yes, pa, I didn't have time to come home and change them.

### Rosie Had Charms Too.

Rosie and Ethel, though only five and seven, were bitter enemies and quarreled continually. One day I overheard a conversation between them.

"I've got dimples," said Rosie. "You haven't any dimples."

"No," answered Ethel regretfully. Then she brightened as she looked at her enemy. "No—but I've got moles."

—Delineator.

### Single, Yet Married.

Canvasser—Are you single? Man at the Door—Yes.

"Why, the people next door told me you were married."

"So I am."

"Yet you told me just now you were single."

"Yes; so I did."

"Well, what is the matter with you?"

"Nothing, sir. My name is Single."

—Good day, sir.

### Brain Development.

The growth of the skull and of the brain after the seventh or eighth year proceeds slowly, but a slight increase goes on until about the age of twenty or twenty-one, after which time the development practically ceases. It is a fact that the sutures in the negro skull "lock" considerably earlier than they do in the Caucasian skull, thus arresting the brain development.

## THE KETTLEDROM.

It is an instrument That is Pretty Difficult to Handle—Used by Ancient People.

The kettledrum has been so far improved that it has a pitch; in fact, it contains the large range of four notes. It is, as its name shows, a copper kettle, or basin, covered over with skin, which can be tightened or loosened by screws placed around the edge. Drums of this shape were used by the Romans, and even earlier by the Greeks and Etruscans. But they were not known in western Europe before the Crusades.

Although it may appear so, the kettledrum is not at all an easy instrument to manage, for in order to get each of the four notes the player has to turn all the screws and adjust the parchment anew. For this reason kettledrums are often used in pairs, one tuned to the keynote, the other to the fourth below. In this way the drummer has always the two chief notes in the scale to work upon, and if the composer has not exacted much from him he will have quite an easy time. But when a change of key is approaching it is quite exciting to watch the drummer screwing and unscrewing the drum and lightly tapping to hear if the pitch is true, and if we recollect that he often has to tune his drum while the whole orchestra is lifting up its voice we realize that he must be no mean musician; that he must possess an exquisitely sensitive and well-trained ear and a steady hand and nerve as well.—Jessie K. MacDonald in St. Nicholas.

### Begin Antique.

Old jewelry is made in great quantities in Italy, Bohemia and Belgium furnish glass of the middle ages, and every European capital has its makers of antiques. Berlin and Vienna makers are kept busy with the home trade, but Paris, London, Brussels, Rome, Florence, Smyrna and Munich are commercial centers for this class of merchandise. The business has grown to such proportions that Nuremberg, Vienna and Livorno have museums where counterfeit works are exhibited and where their style of manufacture may be studied.—Berlin Post.

### Chinese Flat Noses.

"The Chinese mother," the ethnologist explained, "carries her babe in a sack on her back. The babe's nose is pressed against her. Day in and day out, all through its babyhood, the little thing's soft and malleable nose is pressed against its mother's back. Hence it is no wonder, is it, that the Chinese are a flat nosed race?"

### Too Much.

"Of course," said the lady with steel bound glasses, "I expected to be called 'strong minded' after making a speech three hours long in favor of our sex, but to have it misprinted in 'strong minded' was too, too much."

### He Traveled Light.

"That hall room boarder moved to day."

"I didn't see any trunk go out."

"There was none. I guess he placed effects in an envelope and mailed them to the new address."—Kansas City Journal.

## Public Men And Things

(By the Sage of the Potomac.)

Well, I am back and on the job. Had a few days coming on my annual leave, and an extra dollar or two in my pocket, so I thought I would take the leave coming. By the way, I saw the Lincoln-Howard game Thanksgiving. You know I am crazy on football, and would go a thousand miles to see a game, if I had the price. I saw the Army and Navy game also last Saturday. Quite a bunch went over from Washington to the Lincoln-Howard game. I sort of felt for Dr. Curtis. There he was a graduate from Lincoln, and on Howard's medical staff, trying to do the Kelly Miller act—be for two at the same time. Lincoln was his old love, but Howard is his new wife. Every now and then Doc would root for Lincoln, and if he caught anyone observing him, he would come right back with a vociferous applause for Howard. Couldn't lose him.

Talking about Dr. Curtis, reminds me of my first meeting him. It was soon after he came here as Surgeon-in-Chief at Freedmen's. When I observed his pompadour hair, and his very pointed vandyke, that gave him a striking resemblance to his satanic majesty, I said to myself: "He looks too hellish-like to be good." However, some time later I had to submit to a slight operation, and being short of funds, I got a lot of race loyalty in me, and went to Freedmen's and let a colored physician carve the turkey. You know lots of us Hamites love to patronize our own color when we are broke. Well, the way Dr. Curtis handled my case, and the speed with which he brought me around, just as good as new, caused me to advertise him, and I have been touting him as the real cheese ever since, when it comes to human butchery. And I then concluded that if he did look sort of hellish-like he was certainly the candy kid when it came to removing gallstones, gravel banks, appendixes and other abnormal growths that have Latin names. Doc is a capital fellow, too; full of the milk of human kindness, and a regular sunbeam in a sick chamber. Really it is no affliction to be sick if you have Dr. Curtis to attend you—he's so human and gentle. And he is coming, too. If you don't believe it, just focus your star-gazers on that brown dragon (I guess that's what he calls it), in which he rushes at a mile a minute through the streets. Tell you, he looks pretty hefty in that touring car, wearing his vandyke, a la the Duke de Allsport. However, although he touched me for a few dollars since he has been here for surgery work and medicine strong enough to grow heliotropes in lava beds hot from an erupting volcano, he has never yet taken me a joy ride in that auto of his. Maybe he thinks I will never need cutting again. Hope not.

I don't like to get on to the school question, and I assure you I won't be on it long, for it's a most unsatisfactory subject—kind of harrowing, you know. And, besides, I used to teach school, in my halcyon days, way down behind the sun, and I know how I used to get it—damned if I did, and damned if I didn't. However, I have heard some busybodies, expert gossipers, say that there is just a little too much intimacy between certain male teachers and high school girls. Of course, it is all innocent. These high school girls of ours look awfully sweet and bewitching, and you can't blame the kid teachers much when they play Romeo to their Juliet. Yet, you know, in these peerless times it's best to keep within the reserve limit, because people will talk, and do a lot of it, in this town. This is a gentle warning to the knatty dressed, cheery young pedagogues who have but recently got hooked on to the teacher's staff, to slow up and put on the air brakes. I'm easy on you, because I used to be a midsummer night's dream of a lover myself, and know how hard it is to shut your eyes against beauty. But if Chase ever gets after you, my criticism would be as a summer zephyr to an African simoon, as compared with his dynamic fumigations. Better reef in sails—at least until the girls become sweet girl graduates.

I heard Fred Moore was here Saturday, and at the White House. When I heard this my mind ran back to years when Fred was messenger in the Treasury Department, and I thought, from a messenger to an editor of a great newspaper—what a long jump. Of course, Fred was never intended for an editor. God never had such a design when he created him, and maybe God don't know it yet, but it does seem as if some men can beat the plans of gods and devils. There is many an old Treasury employe who owes his job to this self same drafted editor, or conscripted literati, whatever you call him. Fred, as a messenger, was a good one. As I recall, he served under Dan Manning when he was Secretary of the Treasury under Cleveland. Those were regular days of the commune for many of the colored men about the Treasury. For a while the signing of dismissals was a daily pleasure for the Democrats. Fred as Manning's messenger would blot and carry to the Appointment Division these signed and sealed death warrants, and every now and then, when he got a chance, he would deftly extract the dismissal for some poor devil in black, and take it back to the Secretary and put in a life-saver plea to his chief to spare the man. In that way many a colored man weathered the storms of the Cleveland administration. I always liked Fred for that. And now here he is a welcomed and requested visitor at the White House for consultation. That's coming a long way. But every colored man who sees comes a few furlongs to reach the Big Chief sign. Fred, if he continues and lives long enough, is liable to make a real editor yet.

Well, well, who said The Bee wasn't read? Three weeks ago I penned a few execrating lines to the effect that, in my opinion, the high dignities of the A. M. E. Church did not give Mr. Vernon a square deal when

they permitted the doors of Quindaro to be slammed in his face, only to be thrown wide open to another A. M. E. chicken-fed prelate. And lo, presto change, a gentleman of cloth by the name of Ransom, away out in bleeding Kansas, saw and read it and rushed by special delivery a letter to the New York Age making Dr. Vernon the goat. And he even let the cat out of the bag by saying that the successor to Dr. Vernon was recommended by Booker Washington. He made it plain that he had read The Bee's item. Well, now, that looks like The Bee is read, doesn't it? You can bet that rummage-sale suit you are wearing that when you put anything in The Bee, everybody hears of it from coast to coast. Some people would swear that it is read in hades. Roscoe Bruce would.

Funny, but I have never been able to cuddle up to that Ralph Tyler. To me he seems the coldest proposition that has ever blown down from the point where Nat Hensen went with Peary. I have had about 'steen introductions to him, yet he never seems jolly glad to meet me. Some say he is a cold-blooded, slow calculating fellow who wouldn't blink at the sun. Others say he's a warm-hearted fellow. He's as noiseless as a pair of rubber shoes, as persistent as a cow-puncher, and as open an enemy as ever fought at Austerlitz. He has accomplished a whole lot in the way of promotions for the colored men here, and you never hear him going around blowing his B-flat cornets over what he has done or is about to do. Somehow or other, though, I can't catch the glow-worm of his warmth. To me he appears like a bunch of crystallized ice after it has been refrozen. I take off my hat to him, however, for one thing, and that is, he is one Negro that runs his office. He is always on the job, goes to work on clerk's time, and the men in his office say he has a grasp on every detail. If that's true, and they say it is the gorgeous reality, I guess we can stand for his coldness, his arctic atmosphere, for it's good to have a Negro official who gets inside of his office occasionally. He has some knockers around here, but he never worries about them. It is said that once when he was told certain fellows were secretly knocking him, he simply remarked in a nonchalant way: "Oh, they are amusing themselves without disturbing my rest." I tell you, there are about 15 or 20 men whose salaries are better now than before he came, who say he's the goods, if he is heir to Iceland.

Next week I am going to talk especially about Henry Lincoln Johnson and the tall chestnut from Culpeper Court House, Judge Terrell. And I may cogitate a little on the funeral-addicted pastor, Rev. W. J. Howard, and one or two other soubrquets. I may gradually work up to Roscoe Bruce and Bruce Evans, if Chase turns his head a minute.

## Impostors.

The public and patrons of The Bee are warned against impostors who are going the rounds, claiming to be representatives of this paper. Whenever these impostors present themselves, the management will be pleased to have them turned over to the police. The only authorized advertising representatives of The Bee are S. M. Lewis and C. C. Curtis. All others are impostors.

Prince Albert, and Dress Suits for Hire



## Don' Pay

For any garment you order from me unless you are absolutely satisfied with the fit and making.

This week

## OVERCOATS

20 and \$25 Values

FANCY

VEST

FREE

\$15

ALL THE NEW SHADES

AND FABRICS

Horn THE TAILOR.

637 F

Ford Dabney's.

One of the most popular theaters in the city is Ford Dabney's, 9th and U streets northwest. Everybody meets their friends at this popular theater. Ford Dabney's songs have become popular. Mr. Hamilton, the genial manager, is still sick, but it is hoped that he will soon be himself again. Don't fail to go to Ford Dabney's.

Read The Bee.





Get your drugs, medicines and toilet articles at the Board & McGuire Pharmacy 1912 1-2 14th St. N. W. "The place where everybody meets everybody else."

Messrs. William H. Mason and William Monroe spent a very delightful visit to Baltimore, last Sunday.

Mrs. J. W. Smith and Miss Nellie Johnson are visiting friends in Petersburg, Va.

Mrs. Marie Richardson is seriously ill at her mother's residence in French street, Wilmington, Del. Her many friends wish her a speedy recovery.

Mr. W. C. Bolivar has returned to Philadelphia, after spending a delightful vacation here with friends.

Race post cards and colored dolls at Gray and Gray's Drug Store, 12th and U streets northwest.

Mrs. Sherman Hill has returned to this city after a pleasant visit to Salem, Va.

Miss Gonia B. Maxfield entertained at an informal tea last Tuesday afternoon from 4 until 6 o'clock at her residence, 1229 First street northwest.

Mr. Hillard Berry, a teacher in the Armstrong Manual Training School, who has been seriously ill, is now convalescing.

Mr. Alfred W. Toppen, Sr., who has been to the mountains for several months for his health, has returned to the city much improved.

No need to take calomel or any other poisonous mineral drug when you can get Liveroids to do the work safer, better and more satisfactorily. For sale at the drug store of Board & McGuire, 1912 1-2 14th St. N. W., or sent anywhere by mail for only 25c a box.

Dr. J. W. Morse, the well-known pharmacist of the West End, left the city on a hunting trip to the wilds of Virginia last week, and expects to bring back with him possums, rabbits and probably a (deer one).

Rev. E. W. Williams, wife and little Sylvia Anderson left the city yesterday for Abbeville, S. C.

Matthew U. Henson drew a large crowd at the Nineteenth Street Baptist Church last Tuesday evening to his lecture.

After the 5 and 10 cent theatre, between the acts, and at all hours, ice cream soda is now all the rage, especially that snappy, cold, pure, delicious kind that is served at the drug store of Board & McGuire, 1912 1-2 14th St. N. W. It is made right, served right, tastes right, and is right.

Miss Clarice Jones will spend the holidays with her parents. Miss Clarice has made a good record at school.

Attorney E. M. Hewlett filed the will of Col. Davis for probate last week.

Dr. H. A. Allen, of the Medical School, Howard University, attended the Howard-Lincoln football game last week.

Mr. Jesse G. Jones, formerly of this city, but now of Chicago, Ill., was the guest of his mother, Mrs. Hannah Jones, at 207 Elm street northwest, a few days last week.

Liveroids is the newest and best vegetable preparation for torpid liver, constipation, boils and pimples, due to impure blood. For sale at the drug store of Board & McGuire, 1912 1-2 14th St. N. W.

Miss G. Smallwood, of this city, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Toliver, in Philadelphia.

Gray and Gray's Pharmacy, 12th and U streets northwest, is recommended to those seeking a complete stock, low prices and courteous, expert service. Four registered pharmacists regularly employed.

Mr. Almolier B. Gillison spent several days in Philadelphia last week, visiting relatives and friends.

Mr. Alonzo Govern and wife left the city last Saturday afternoon for Chicago, Ill., where they will join the stock company at the Pekin Theater.

Mrs. Emily Lottier, of Baltimore, Md., has been visiting her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. H. Leonard Jeter, of 213 Elm street northwest, for several weeks.

Dr. Ben. Anderson spent a very pleasant Thanksgiving in Richmond, Va.

Mr. Theodore Shorter, of Chicago, Ill., visited his mother in this city Thanksgiving Day.

For reliable prescription work, go to Gray and Gray's Drug Store, 12th and U streets northwest, and have the protection of four registered pharmacists and free delivery service to all parts of the city.

Mr. Monroe Monsees, of Tampa, Fla., has come to this city to pursue a course in commercial law and book-keeping at Howard University.

Mr. Frank Pitts has returned to his home in Pittsburgh, Pa., after a very pleasant trip to this city.

Miss Elfrida Kenney spent a very pleasant Thanksgiving holiday in Philadelphia.

Miss Sadie Meriwether, a Baltimore school teacher, has been visiting her mother and relatives in this city.

Mrs. Sterling Brown spent a very pleasant week with her son-in-law and daughter, Dr. and Mrs. B. M. Rhetta.

Misses Julia and Agnes Davis and Dr. Amanda Gray attended the Howard-Lincoln football game last week.

Don't forget Liveroids when you feel the need of a real good liver regulator and tonic. For sale at the drug store of Board & McGuire, 1912 1-2 14th St. N. W.

A large and representative audience attended the monthly public meeting of the Garfield School and listened with great interest to a joint debate between the Armstrong Technical and M Street High Schools. Subject: "Resolver, that an industrial training is of more benefit to the youth than an academic course." The affirmative was defended by Messrs. Riddick Pree and Willis Huggins, from Armstrong Technical; the negative by Messrs. Geo. E. C. Hayes and Emmet Hayes, of M Street. All the gentlemen reflected credit on their respective schools, and debated with much earnestness and thoroughness his point of view. The affirmative won; special mention, however, was made of the argument of Master Emmet Hayes, of the M Street High School. The judges were Messrs. A. U. Carroll, W. A. Bell, William H. Dabney, William H. Lewis, Jr., and J. Edward Young.

The meetings of the Literary are growing more and more interesting, and the attendance is steadily increasing. The success of the Literary is due to the energetic efforts of Mr. H. Wythe Lewis, its president, who is certainly deserving of much credit for his untiring interest in the affairs of the school and home.

**HOWARD DEFEATS LINCOLN.**  
2,000 on the Field. Hundreds Left the City With the Howard Boys.  
Score, 5 to 0.

Lincoln University, November 25.  
Under fair skies on Lincoln's campus, from which one can look miles and miles away on beautiful countryside in Pennsylvania, the blue and white of Howard University triumphed for the first time on Thanksgiving Day, over its most worthy opponent on its home grounds, by a score of 5 to 0. Quite 2,000 devotees to the shrine of Howard or Lincoln traveled on special trains from Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Atlantic City and New York to witness the annual duel between two of the most powerful institutions for colored students in the world. The battle was royal. Each man was chock full of grit and determination, and when pleading Howardites or Lincolmites from the side lines sent across the cry to hold every ounce of strength leaped forth. Ed Gray, of Howard, of All-American material, plunged once and broke his right fore arm. It was banded, but not until the plucky halfback found that he could not make effective tackle did he retire. Redd, of Lincoln, and Capt. Allen, of Howard, were badly hurt, but love for school made injuries slight.

Terry, almost alone, brought the ball from Howard's 35-yard line to Lincoln's 30-yard line on a series of straight bucks off right tackle, where Darrah and Tyson blocked G. Bullock persistently, while Allen took care of Jacobs. Lincoln here shifted the backfield defense to cover this weakness, when Brice sent a fake through this spot, and diminutive Slaughter, like a bullet tearing around to the left, seized the ball, eluding Lincoln's right end, and sped across the goal line for the only touchdown of the game. On punt-out for try at goal, Smith touched the ball to the ground, and no try at goal was allowed.

The second quarter found the ball on Lincoln's 35-yard line. Soon after the commencement of play and almost immediately after Gray's retirement, Lincoln waxed strong. Berd of Lincoln, by magnificent generalship and goot punting, forced Howard back to her 40-yard line, when Thompson, center for Lincoln, was disqualified for roughness, and the penalty put Howard on the 35-yard line.

During the third session Berd was responsible for all sorts of heartaches to Howard cohorts. Outpunting Ter-

The Family  
Quality House

CHRISTIAN XANDER'S

Unrivalled Assortment of  
Christmas Beverages

325 direct imported and domestic wines  
and distillates  
Suiting all tastes

The stock of this establishment, dedicated to the Family trade enjoys national fame of being the foremost of its class. Its goods have been models of purity and quality for over 45 years. Absolute guarantee for excellence. Moderate wholesale prices. Greatest advantages for buying.

909 Seventh Street, N. W. Phone Main 274

No Branch Houses

## Annual Christmas Announcement E. VOIGT

E. VOIGT, Manufacturing Jeweler, 725 Seventh Street N. W., between G and H. Established 1880. Telephone Main 2435.

Now that we are on the threshold of Christmas, it means a good deal to trade with a firm in which you have the utmost confidence.

It will pay you to visit our store. We have satisfied thousands of customers—we can satisfy you.

Our new line of jewelry, diamonds, watches, clocks, silverware, cut glass, etc., surpasses anything we have heretofore shown.

Why not call and make your selections, and leave us lay them away for you and deliver at the proper time. Prompt delivery means a whole lot, especially at the busy season of Christmas.

**SPECIAL HOLIDAY OFFER—Watches.**—We mention here but a few of our specials: Gentlemen's 20-year Gold-filled American stem winders and setters, \$10. Ladies' 20-year Gold-filled stem winders and setters, \$10. Gentlemen's 14-k Solid Gold American stem winders and setters, as cheap as \$25. Children's Solid Silver Watches, pin attachment, \$3.50; regular price, \$4.50. Ladies' Solid Gold Watches, open face, \$8.00. Boys' Solid Silver Watches, \$5.00 up.

**DIAMONDS.**—Nothing more pleasing for a Christmas offering than a diamond. We have Ladies' diamond rings, \$5.00 to \$150.00. Ladies' diamond brooches, \$5.50 to \$1,000.00. Diamond ear rings, \$15.00 to \$500.00. Diamond scarf pins, \$7.00 up. Diamond cuff buttons, \$7.00 up. Diamond studs, \$10.00 up. We have Ladies' handsome diamond rings, set in Tiffany mounting, which we are selling at \$25.00. This will make an appropriate present for Christmas. Every stone a ball of fire.

**WEDDING RINGS.**—We have been manufacturers of Wedding Rings for 30 years. All sizes and styles in stock. We would suggest the Tiffany plain ring. The latest style.

ry and Brice by nearly 15 yards to the punt, Berd forced Howard back to the 20-yard line and once almost scored on a forward pass, which was judged incomplete. The quarter ended with the ball on Howard's 8-yard line.

Coming back in the final quarter, with Lincoln on the 8-yard line, Howard's line held like a stone wall, while her backs got the men running behind the line. Terry now, favored with the wind, got the ball out of danger by good kicking. Not again was Lincoln effective enough to endanger Howard's goal. The game ended in Lincoln's territory. Summaries:

Howard.	Position.	Lincoln.
Tyson	Left end.	
Durrah	Left tackle.	
Smith	Left guard.	
Moore	Center.	
Cleland	Right guard.	
Bell	Right tackle.	
Slaughter	Right end.	
Brice	Quarterback.	
Gray, Nixon	Right halfback.	
Terry	Left halfback.	
Allen (Capt.)	Fullback.	
Howard	J. S. Bullock	

Touchdown—Slaughter. Referees—Mr. Haines, Haverford. Umpire—Mr. Hopkins. Field Judge—E. B. Henderson, physical director M Street High School. Linesman—Mr. Wheelock, Carlisle. Time of quarters—15 minutes.

**Gen. Burt and the Colored Soldier.**

There was a large crowd at the literary exercises of the Alpha Phi Literary Society of Howard University last week, to listen to General Andrew S. Burt on the "Negro Soldier in Ancient and Modern Wars." It was a most eloquent defense of the colored soldiers in modern and ancient wars. Following was the program: Prayer—Chaplain. Solo, Selected—Miss M. Thomas. Reading, Selected—Prof. B. G. Brawley. Lecture—General Andrew S. Burt, ex-Commander Twenty-fifth U. S. Infantry; subject, "The Negro Soldier in Ancient and Modern Wars." Solo, Selected—Miss Perle Alexander. Benediction—Chaplain.

**La Rodricker.**

Mlle. R. E. Bue has opened French dressmaking parlors and ladies' tailoring at 1331 14th street northwest. If you want an up-to-date tailor-made garment, don't fail to visit this place.

**Reception to Bishop A. Waters.**  
A reception tendered to Bishop Alexander Waters, A. M., D. D., of New York, is planned by the members of Metropolitan A. M. E. Zion Church on Wednesday evening, December 7th, at 8 p. m.

A special program has been prepared. All are welcome. Seats free. Rev. Ray, in whose church the reception will be given, is one of the best known Zion ministers in the country. Some of the most distinguished speakers in this city will attend the reception.

**Elks' Memorial.**

Morning Star Lodge of Elks, No. 4, I. B. P. O., one of the strongest organizations in the United States, will hold its memorial services Sunday evening, December 4th, at 7:30 p. m. Recorder Lincoln Johnson and other prominent men will deliver addresses.

**Mrs. Johnson Paralyzed.**  
Recorder Henry Lincoln Johnson was called suddenly home in Atlanta, Ga., this week, to the bedside of his devoted mother, who had a stroke of paralysis. From all reports she is much better, and the Recorder will return to the city this evening.

**Joining the Navy.**

The second edition of "Joining the Navy, or Abroad with Uncle Sam," by Mr. John H. Paynter, will be issued from the press of the Sudwarth Printing Company, Washington, D. C., about December 10, 1910.

This edition carries several new features which materially improve the general make-up of the volume without in any way detracting from or altering the original text.

A "Foreword," by Prof. W. E. DuBois, in his characteristic style, enhances the intrinsic worth of the edition.

Persons desiring to order for holiday presentation should do so at once. The book will be delivered postage free, upon receipt of \$1.00.

Address John H. Paynter, 701 51st St. N. E.

**Increasing Activity.**

The Athletic League of the colored public schools is increasing in activity. A number of schools have become members of the league, and enthusiasm is waxing warm. The Briggs School has announced through the publicity committee the following election of officers to represent the league in that school: Harry Willis, president; Percival Watson, vice president; Carl Steward, secretary; Tinsley Dishman, treasurer; John Wiggins, assistant treasurer. The basketball team consists of the following members: Tinsley Dishman, manager; Hermond Steward, Harry Willis, John Wiggins, Clarence Gentry, Charles Hayes and Percival Watson.

Night Prices 10, 20 and 30 Cents  
Biggest Show—Lowest Prices

# HOWARD THEATRE

T st. near 7th, N. W.

The Theatre for the People

Week of Dec. 5

ANOTHER BIG 'WEEK'  
MATINEES: TUESDAY, THURSDAY & SATURDAY

CLARATURNER

Everybody's Favorite  
in Lillian Mortimer's great Southern Play

A Girl's Best Friend

See Colored Cake Walkers  
Plantation Dancers  
Prize Arabian Ponies

Matinees: 10 and 20 cents

**ELKS' MEMORIAL SERVICES**

Morning Star Lodge No. 40, I. B. P. O. Elks or the World will hold its MEMORIAL SERVICES, SUNDAY EVE'G DEC. 4, 7:30 P. M. at the AUDITORIUM, 8th st. bet. E and G Sts., S. E.

The following program has been arranged:

Master of Ceremonies Simon H. Booker Quartett J. Edward Williams, Leader

Address Henry Lincoln Johnson, Recorder of Deeds, D. C.

Address Rev. J. E. Chapman Address Samuel E. Jones, Past District Deputy

Remarks, Atty L. Melendez King Address Cornelius R. Richardson, Esteemed Leading Knight

Committee of Arrangements: John W. Truman, Exalted Ruler; Dr. Phil B. Brooks

Robert H. Johnson Samuel D. S. Neisog Albert B. Rice

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9th and You Sts., N. W.

FIRST CLASS AND  
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THE THEATRE THE PEOPLE  
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New Pictures Every Evening and  
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1500 Seventh Street, Northwest

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Wines, Liquors  
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## THE ONLY VICTIMS.

An Amusing Adventure in the Surf on the West Coast of Africa Told by a Traveler.

West Africa is known to all navigators for its few harbors and its heavy surf, which at certain seasons rages like a battle, defying the white man who would approach its shores. The author of "The Jungle Folk of Africa," Mr. R. H. Milligan, tells of a successful, and to the observers an amusing, effort to reach shore at a point where the surf did not seem to be impossible. One day when the beach seemed much better than usual the captain and the ship's surgeon ventured ashore. The captain afterward narrated the adventure of their landing to a small but enthusiastic audience. He said that after waiting outside the surf half an hour the headman suddenly gave the order, and in a moment they were in the breakers, riding on the top of one of them and speeding toward the shore at the rate of "seventy miles an hour."

The captain was in the bow of the boat, well braced and cushioned. But when the boat struck the beach with the force of a railway collision the doctor was thrown violently over two thwarts into the captain's bosom, whom he clasped about the neck with a steel-like grip.

The next moment another breaker picked the boat up and hurled it upon the beach, throwing both captain and doctor to a perfectly safe distance, where they sprawled upon the sand. The doctor, still hugging the captain's neck and very much frightened, exclaimed:

"Oh, captain, dear captain, is there anybody killed but you and me?"

## BRAVE SOLDIERS.

Sacrificed Their Lives in an Attempt to Save the Colors.

In days gone by the Zulus were the boldest fighters among all the natives of South Africa, and it was not until they had been defeated in several battles that they would live in peace with white people.

In 1878 15,000 of the Zulus attacked and killed a regiment of British soldiers, and a most heroic deed was the attempt made by three British soldiers to save the two flags, or colors, belonging to the regiment.

When it was seen that the Zulus were so many that there was no hope of keeping them at bay the colonel of the British regiment called to a young officer whose name was Lieutenant Melville and said, "You will take charge of the colors, Melville, and try to get away from here."

The lieutenant saluted and took into his hands the two colors of his regiment. Then, with another officer and a soldier, all mounted on horses, he suddenly dashed away with his precious burden.

They were at once seen by the keen sighted Zulus, however, and after a long chase the three gallant Englishmen, fighting to the last, were killed by the enemy.

Some time afterward one of the flags was found near a rocky stream, where the heroes had fought and died, and it was taken to England and presented to Queen Victoria.

And in memory of the three brave soldiers who had died while defending it the queen placed a wreath of immortelles on the staff which held the flag.—London Mail.

### Paganini's Cab.

On awakening one morning at his hotel in Vienna, Paganini, the celebrated violinist, was informed that the cabman whom the previous evening he had employed to drive him to the concert hall where he was playing was waiting to see him. On being admitted to his presence the man, after having advanced poverty and a large family as an excuse for the request that he was about to make, prayed the great musician to make his fortune. "What do you mean?" demanded Paganini. "Authorize me to write in large letters on the back of my vehicle these two words, 'Paganini's Cab,' was the answer. Consent was given, with altogether satisfactory results.

### Matrimonial Repartees.

She (in stern and rockbound accents)—You married me for better or worse, didn't you, Edgar?

He—Er—um—yes, I suppose so, my love.

She—Then what are you complaining about? I'm no worse than the average married woman, I can assure you!

He (meekly)—Well, if that is the case, all I've got to say is I'm mighty glad—

### She (breaking in)—Glad?

He—Yes. Glad I'm not a polygamist. Er—um—looks a trifle squally over to the northeast, doesn't it, Miranda?—New York Times.

### Lincoln on Money.

"Lincoln," said a senator at a banquet in Washington, "had no great admiration for mere financial success."

"Financial success," Lincoln once said, "is purely metallic. The man who attains it has four metallic attributes—gold in his palm, silver on his tongue, brass in his face and iron in his heart."

### Diplomacy.

"Why do you insist on underrating the kind of golf you play?"

"Because," answered the wise official, "there is no use of making a whole lot of people jealous and antagonistic over a little thing like golf."—Exchange.

### The Decisive Battles.

Some married men will contend that "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World" will never be complete until a few domestic scraps are added to the volume.—London Telegraph.

## Officially Ignored.

On the relief train that had been rushed to the scene of the railway wreck was a newspaper reporter.

The first victim he saw was a man whose eyes were in mourning and whose left arm was in a sling. With his hair full of dirt, one end of his shirt collar flying loose and his coat ripped up the back, the victim was sitting on the grass and serenely contemplating the landscape.

"How many people are hurt?" asked the reporter, hurrying up to him.

"I haven't heard of anybody being hurt, young man," said the other.

"How did this wreck happen?"

"I haven't heard of any wreck."

"You haven't! Who are you, any how?"

"I don't know that it's any of your business, but I'm the claim agent of the road."—Chicago Tribune.

### The Musical Gamut.

Guido, a monk of Arezzo, in Tuscany, in 1009 A. D. was the inventor of the gamma "ut," or gamut, and the six notes "ut," "re," "mi," "fa," "sol," "la." These syllables were taken from the first three verses of the hymn of St. John the Baptist, "Ut queant laxis," etc. Without the use of the gamut a person could not in a little time become perfect master of plain song. Guido says, in a letter which he wrote, "I hope they who come after us will not forget to pray for us, for we make a perfect master of singing in a year or two, whereas till now a person could scarce attain this science, even imperfectly, in ten years." The gamut is the first note, but oftener taken as signifying the whole scale of music or series of sounds, rising or falling toward acuteness or gravity from any given pitch or tone.

### The Last Straw.

An Atchison man has been married five years, and three times a day for five years, or, to be exact, 5,475 times, he has stepped to the dresser to brush his hair and has had to tip the mirror back to get a look in. While dressing for an evening out, his wife would keep the mirror seesawing back and forth, she pulling it out to see how her clothes hung in the back and the man pushing it back to adjust his tie and comb his hair, etc. Finally, in desperation, he bought a chifferoni for his own use, but one evening he went home grouchy and found his chifferoni turned around and the mirror tipped forward; his wife was using them both. This was too much, and, grabbing his heavily mounted military brushes, he slammed one at each mirror, muttered a swear word and disappeared.—Atchison Globe.

### The Conjurer Confesses.

That "the hand is quicker than the eye" is one of those accepted sayings invented by some one who knew nothing of conjuring, or, as is more likely, by some cunning conjurer who aimed still further to hoodwink a gullible public. The fact is that the best conjurer seldom makes a rapid motion, for that attracts attention, even though it be not understood. The true artist in this line is deliberate in every movement, and it is mainly by his actions that he leads his audience to look not where they ought, but in an entirely different direction. Mr. David Devant, who for a number of consecutive years has entertained London with his ingenious tricks, has said: "The conjurer must be an actor. By the expression of his face, by his gestures, by the tone of his voice—in short, by his acting—he must produce his effects."—St. Nicholas.

### How Houses Become Haunted.

Nothing is easier than for a house to acquire the reputation of being haunted, even in the absence of uncanny manifestations. Dickens shows us the children of the street clustering round the keyhole of the Old Curiosity Shop to look for "the ghost" within a few hours of Quilp's removal of the goods and the desertion of the house. And a correspondent used to live in a house near the center of a provincial town one room of which was believed by some to be haunted solely because the iron shutter that closed its window on the street side was never raised. The simple explanation was that this window was bricked up behind the shutter to secure privacy for the ground floor room in question—a drawing room lighted from the garden, on the other side.—London Chronicle.

### What They Lacked.

There is a certain naval officer of the United States who is very much opposed to the use of profanity by the officers under his command. Indeed, he has been known severely to reprimand in private officers on his ships heard to address their men in profane terms.

The following story is told concerning this admiral's command of a squadron engaged in target maneuvers in Magdalena bay, Lower California. The commanding officer observed one day that the men of his ship, the flagship, seemed to lag behind the crews of the other vessels of the squadron, being the last to finish the execution of a command or to carry out a maneuver. He mentioned this fact to his captain. Just as the latter was about to reply there came floating over the water from the vessel standing by the flagship a volley of oaths, the result of which was that there was some pretty hustling on the part of the men addressed.

Glancing at his superior officer with a smile, the captain replied: "That's it, sir. You see, sir, my men don't get enough encouragement like that."—Harper's Weekly.

### Lost His Nerve.

Many years ago a blacksmith near York, England, successfully performed the delicate operation of removing a cataract from an eye on several of his fellow villagers, says the London Chronicle. The fact became known to a doctor in the neighborhood, who so admired the blacksmith's skill that he provided the means for his education as an oculist. To the blacksmith the removal of the cataract was no more than a mechanical feat, but when he became acquainted with the structure of the human eye and its amazing delicacy he was so overpowered by the rashness of what he had done in ignorance that he lost his nerve, and with the fear of knowledge he insisted on returning to his anvil.

### An Undesirable Audience of One.

In a series of incidents of adventure told in the Wide World Magazine perhaps the most extraordinary is a story from Natal, wherein a lady describes how on a Christmas eve she went into a tiny church to practice a Christmas voluntary when she found a huge python, attracted by the music, standing close behind her, coil upon coil. To make matters worse, she was locked in, and her only safety was to continue playing and so charm the creature. Eventually the lady's brother returned and unlocked the church door. A little dog that ran in attracted the fatal attentions of the python, while his mistress escaped. The python was shot.

### A Poor Poet.

One afternoon Browning went to call on Lady Kinloch and missed his way. A lady was standing on her doorstep, and he asked her to direct him to the house. She could not tell him, but offered to look it up for him in the directory and took him into the house, produced a directory, and together they found out what he wanted to know, and then she came out to the doorstep again so that she could point out to him the direction he had to take. He thanked her, went down the steps, hesitated and then turned and came back to her, saying: "Perhaps you may like to know to whom you have been so kind. I am a poor poet, and my name is Robert Browning."—Westminster Gazette.

### A Kindred Feeling.

Justice Harlan of the supreme court was on circuit in West Virginia some years ago, when there was tried before him a case in which principal counsel was a lawyer whose head was quite devoid of hair. The day was cold and damp and the room in which the sitting was had been badly heated. It was not long before counsel had begun his argument that he said:

"Your honor, I must pause long enough to request that the window opposite be closed more tightly. I feel the draft on my head."

"The court sympathizes with you," solemnly assented Mr. Harlan. "The court has the same kind of a head."—New York World.

### Ample Reason.

During the trial of a man who had made an unsuccessful attempt at suicide a lawyer had badgered the witnesses to an exasperating degree and evidently intended to pursue the same course with a meek appearing little Irishman who next took the stand.

"You say you talked with the accused an hour after his attempt?" the lawyer demanded.

"Oh, did," was the direct reply.

"And did he give any reason for attempting to commit suicide?"

"He did, an' it was a good reason."

"Well, and what reason did he give?"

"Sure, an' he said he wanted to kill himself." Pat answered, and for a moment even his honor could not control his laughter.—Harper's Weekly.

### Lost Articles Department.

Bridget, who had administered the culinary affairs of the Morse household for many years, was sometimes torn between her devotion to her mistress and loyalty to the small son of the house.

"Bridget," said Mrs. Morse, in a tone of wonder, after an inspection of the storeroom, "where have those splendid red apples gone that the man brought yesterday—those four big ones?"

"Well, now, ma'am," said poor Bridget, "I couldn't rightly say, but I think if you was to find where my loaf o' hot gingerbread is likely to be, four red apples would be 'lyn' right on top of it, an' I'm only hopin' his little stummick can stand the strain."—Youth's Companion.

### Hannah More's Wedding Day.

The celibacy of Hannah More, the English writer, which gave her so much time to bend the powers of her mind to the interests of humanity, has always been a subject of surprise and discussion. A writer relates this circumstance: "She was early engaged to be married to a gentleman of family and fortune. The wedding day was fixed. The bride and her party moved off gayly to the church where the ceremony was to be performed, only to find that the lover was not there. The laggard comes late," thought the attendants. They miscalculated. He came not at all. A horseman rode up to the church door and handed a letter to Miss More. With melancholy apologies the faithless swain told her that he could not take the responsibility of making her his bride. At the same time he offered any pecuniary remuneration in his power.

"Whether the lady fainted or only pouted is not mentioned, but her relatives followed the business up with such promptness and spirit that the 'dastard in love' made a hasty retreat upon the slightest lady of two a year for life."—Exchange.

### A Rank Outsider.

The fashionable wedding presented a festive scene. Beautiful girls in gorgeous gowns were everywhere. The bride stood proudly beneath a canopy of choice exotics, beaming in her love-liness.

"Isn't she just too sweet?" gurgled an elderly matron. "But who do you suppose is the man who is always at her side?"

"I'm sure I can't imagine," replied another matron. Then, as a brilliant idea struck her, she remarked, "Oh, I guess it's only the bridegroom!"—Exchange.

### Crushed the Critic.

He was very deferential, but he was a deacon in the church, and he felt that he had a right to criticize.

"I hope you'll pardon me," he said, "if I suggest that your sermons are—"

"Too prosy, I suppose," suggested the minister.

"Oh, no, not that, but too long."

"But you mustn't blame me for that," returned the minister pleasantly. "If you knew a little more I wouldn't have to tell you so much."—London Scraps.

### To Make a Man Act Like a Fool.

A man was considered a general ignoramus by the concern for which he formerly worked. He came into our employ when we were obliged to take him on account of the scarcity of labor. It was not long, however, before he discovered that the firm appreciated suggestions. He proved a genius in his line, and his ideas were worth a good many dollars to us. I asked him one day why he did not present some of these ideas to his former employers, and his reply makes the point.

"They treated me like a fool," said he, "so I acted like one."—System.

### Well Named.

He arrived late and worn out at the twentieth hotel, after wandering nearly all around London to find accommodations, and was delighted to learn that actually the place was not full up. Next morning, however, he complained of the bed, and the landlord stiffly said that a duke had once slept in it. "Perhaps it was the Duke of Wellington," said the visitor, with a sneer. "Perhaps it was," returned the landlord. "No wonder they called him the 'Iron Duke,'" retorted the visitor.—London News.

### A Careless Boston Burglar.

A Boston burglar at midnight stealthily climbed a heavily carpeted staircase, a dim candle in hand, when the voice of the unseen mistress above called, "Who is there?" Abstractedly the intruder answered, "It's me," and then all was still. At this crucial moment that Boston burglar, suddenly overcome by the consciousness of one of the worst breaks of his life, lost heart, turned wearily about, descended to the basement, deliberately ate a small piece of cold chicken and sauntered away in deepest dejection from the back door.—Boston Herald.

### Hang Your Hat on a Lead Pencil.

Take a smooth hexagon lead pencil, one without either rubber or metal end, and place it against a door or window casing. Then with a firm, heavy pressure slide the pencil some three or four inches, and it will stay as if glued to the casing. You may now hang your hat on the end of the pencil. When you slide the pencil along the casing do it without any apparent effort, and it will appear to your audience as though you had hypnotized it. This is a very neat trick if performed right.—Popular Mechanics.

### Dog Spooks.

The phantom dog specter was one of the hardest of old English superstitions. Almost every county had its black dog which haunted its lonely spots and was the dread of every native. Most of them were regarded as devils, but some were held to be the spirits of human beings, transformed thus as a punishment. Lady Howard, a Devon notable of the days of James I., for instance, was said to be compelled to haunt Okehampton in the form of a dog as a punishment for her cruelty to her daughter.—London Chronicle.

### Oxygen and Mushrooms.

One of the government experts attached to the department of agriculture describes a singular way of removing oxygen from the air by the aid of a plant. Inside a glass bell jar, suspended over water, is placed a mushroom, and sunlight is allowed to fall on the plant. The mushroom absorbs the oxygen from the air in the jar, and the carbonic acid formed during the process is absorbed by the water, which gradually rises in the jar to one-fifth of its height. The mushroom now dries up, but its animation is only suspended, as may be proved by introducing beside it a green plant, when it will again begin to vegetate, being nourished by the oxygen exhaled from the fresh plant.—Pittsburg Post.

### Fine Finish.

The man who writes thrilling melodramas rushed into the manager's office in a state of great excitement.

"I've got it!" he shouted triumphantly. "I've got it!"

"Got what?" asked the surprised manager.

"Why, the sensation of the year. In the third act of my new play there is a mill scene. Harold Headlight, the hero, casts the villain down into the yawning jaws of two great emery wheels."

The manager grinned.

"Emery wheels?" he chuckled. "Then, I suppose, he has a fine finish?"

"Yes, very fine. In fact, he comes out a polished villain."—Chicago News.

### Auto-matic Complaints.

"I am all around tired," sighed the weary auto wheel.

"And I am worn out," moaned the shabby cloak, sinking on the seat.

"I'm just played out," complained the tooting horn.

"That's nothing. I have that all gone, empty feeling," said the gasoline tank. But just then all were put into the garage and shut up.—Baltimore American.

### Sarcastic.

A young woman in London tendered the cabby the exact fare of a shilling at the end of a journey.

"Half a moment, miss," said the driver. "Are you married?"

"No. Why do you ask?"

"Because," was the rejoinder, "when you do marry, whoever gets you will have a treasure. You make a bob go farther than any gal I know."

### Small Quarters For Moses.

Donald is fond of Bible stories. His auntie was relating to him the story of Moses in the basket of bulrushes, when he earnestly inquired:

"Did he ever grow to be a man?"

"Yes," he was told.

"A great big man?"

"Yes," Donald remarked incredulously.

"Well, I'd 'a' thought he'd 'a' busted the basket."—Delineator.

### Wretched Man.

See the sorrowful man. The man has every reason to look pleasant. His home is a happy one, his business is successful, his children are good looking and well behaved, he has health and credit to burn and money in the bank, yet he looks as gloomy as a dyspeptic atheist. The day has come when he must give his desk its annual cleaning out.—Newark News.

### Necessity Past.

Congress had been asked would it please do something for the Delaware. "Delaware?" repeated the members, with a puzzled air. "What's that?"

"It's a river that Washington once crossed," explained an advanced representative of the people.

"Well, he got across all right, didn't he?" responded the inquirers. "What's the use of improving the river now?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

### A Hole In Glass.

A hole may be cut or etched through glass readily by using hydrofluoric acid, says Machinery. The acid should be applied in the same way as etching acid, using wax to surround the portion of glass which is to be penetrated. Hydrofluoric acid is sold in wax bottles, as it cannot be kept in glass. It may be handled with a hard rubber dropper similar in construction to the ordinary glass medicine droppers.

### A Pretty Kettle of Fish.

When the patient called on his doctor he found the good man in a state of great apprehension.

"I've got all the symptoms of the disease you have," said the doctor.

"I'm sure I have caught it from you."

"What are you so scared about?" asked the patient.

"Why, man," replied the doctor, "I don't think I can cure it."—Harper's Weekly.

### The Last Chance.

An Italian gravedigger after digging a certain grave put in a bill that was exorbitant. When complaint of the overcharge was made to him he said:

"Well, the corpse and I had a row five years ago over a cart I sold him, and I could never make him pay me what he owed. So, seeing this was my last chance, I thought I'd better take it."

### Took It Out on the Boy.

"What, you want a dollar for spending money?" exclaimed Mr. Tyes. "Look here, young man, when I was a boy of your age my father never gave me a dollar to spend foolishly. I was taught to consider myself lucky if I got a nickel."

"Well," protested Bobby, "you don't need to jump on me about it. Tell your troubles to grandpa."—Cleveland Leader.

### No Help Needed.

Visitor—I say, old boy, you are the most absurdly infatuated husband I ever saw in my life, considering how long you've been married. You praise every dish your wife makes, and yet her cooking is abominable.

Host—Sh! Don't speak so loud. I know her cooking is bad, but if I say a word she gets discouraged and sends for her mother.

### Official Corporal Punishment.

The Geratsche Zeitung in a recent issue reproduced a "royal decree" issued by the Grand Duke Heinrich XX. at Gratz, in December, 1844, to show that corporal punishment was practiced "officially" at that time. The document calls attention to the fact that "from sunset until midnight boys disturbed the peace" and ordered a special patrol to arrest all such offenders, "take them to the lockup and before a magistrate, and if found guilty to punish them with twenty blows, and that these be administered by two corporals with sticks."

### How Tommy Found It.

Tom Jackson said one morning at breakfast:

"Hang it all! While I was weeding I dropped my Imperial Order of the Roosters pin on the lawn, and I've been looking for it now over half an hour. It's gone for good, I suppose."

That night when Jackson sat down to dinner there was his pin beside his plate.

"Bully for you!" said he. "Where did you find it, Martha?"

"I let Tommy go barefooted this afternoon," said Mrs. Jackson quietly.

"Tep, woman is certainly de cause of me bein' dis way. If me wife hadn't lost her job, I'd had a home right now."—New Orleans Picayune.

Hewitt—Lend me a dollar, old man. Jewett—I never lend money.

Hewitt—Give me a dollar, then. New York Press.

Farmer—What are you doing in my apple tree?

Thief—Excuse me. I just fell off a balloon.—Fledgepole Blatter.

"Have you ever seen the prisoner at the bar?"

"Yes, Judge, and he can drink like a fish."—Harper's Weekly.

"That man has done some mighty good things."

"Yes; I was one of them."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Teacher—Spring flowers bring forth what, Tommie?

Tommie—Umbrellas, ma'am!—Yonkers Statesman.

A woman can thrill as deeply over her preparations for housecleaning as a man getting ready to go fishing.—New York Press.

Judge—Is that your real name?

Prisoner (who has been up before)—No, yer honor it's my "pen" name.—Harvard Lampoon.

Missionary—May I ask what course you intend to take with me?

Cannibal King—The regular one. You'll follow the fish.

Witness—I saw a man with one eye named Wilkins.

Lawyer—What was the name of the other eye?

Russian battle songs are written in minor keys, and instead of being brilliantly martial are sad, telling of the soldier's fate.

The population of the earth at the time of Emperor Augustus was estimated at 54,000,000. It is now estimated to be about 1,585,000,000.

The horsepower of an engine can be found by the following rule: Square the diameter of the cylinder and divide by two.

Grasshoppers have neither lungs nor gills, but air enters breathing pores and is conveyed by tubes to all parts of the body.

"Are you in pain, my little man?" asked the kind old gentleman.

"No, sir," answered the boy "the pain's in me."

Sadie—Say, honest now, do you like Maggie? Pauline—Well, she's got a good heart, an' she means real well, but— Sadie—Neither do I.—Exchange.

Waiter—Be careful of the soup, gentlemen. It is so hot that it has scalded both my thumbs.—Megendorfer Blatter.

Moonshine has been found to have a marked effect on stammering. People so afflicted stammer most at the full of the moon.—London Scraps.

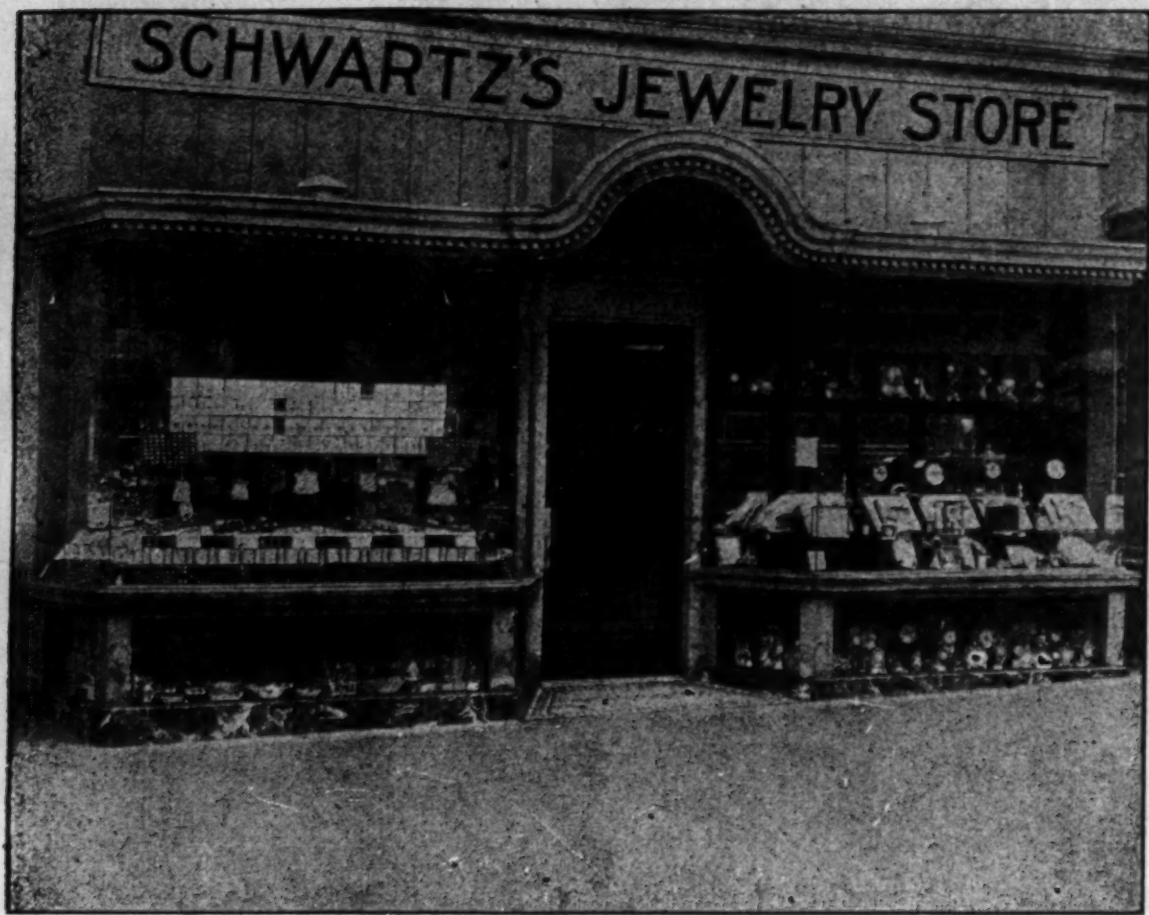
"Cool as a cucumber" is correct scientifically, for that vegetable usually has a temperature a degree less than the surrounding atmosphere.

There are at least 214 groups of signs used in Chinese, each group containing from 5 to 1,354 separate characters.

By a remarkable law of royal etiquette which has existed for a number of years at the court of Siam no person is permitted to sleep in an apartment situated above that occupied by the king. A deliberate breach of this rule has on more than one occasion been punished by death.

While auntie arranged





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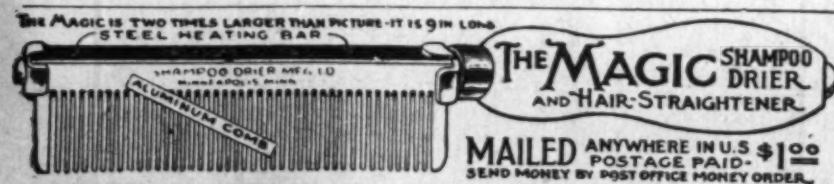
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### JUDGING A CIGAR.

The Only Real Way to Find Its Quality Is to Smoke It—Smelling It Is Useless.

On no point is the average smoker so ill informed as that of judging a cigar. Nine times out of ten, upon being handed a cigar, he will hold it to his nose, unlighted, sniff at the wrapper with a critical air and deliver his verdict in a self-satisfied manner. This characteristic maneuver is always a source of amusement to any tobacco man who happens to observe it. There is only one way to ascertain the quality of a cigar, and that is to smoke it. No expert will pass judgment on a cigar until he has lighted it and smoked it well down toward the middle. The first and most important point upon which he bases his opinion is the "burn." Tobacco may have every other virtue, but if it does not hold the fire and burn evenly it is poor tobacco. Next in order of importance comes the aroma—the smoke must have a pleasing "smell;" next comes the flavor—the smoke must be smooth and not "scratchy" or bitter. Then there is the color—rich brown, indicating a ripe leaf, well cured—and last is workmanship—good if the wrapper is put on smoothly and the "bunch" is made so that the cigar "draws" freely and is neither too hard nor too spongy, had if the reverse.—Bohemian Magazine.

### ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

These Things Read Like Legends, but Are Matters of Fact.

A peasant girl called half-witted did promise to defeat the victors of Agincourt and did it; it ought to be a legend, but it happens to be a fact. A poet and a poetess did fall in love and eloped secretly to a sunny clime; it is obviously a three-volume novel, but it happened. Nelson did die in the act of winning the one battle that could change the world; it is a grossly improbable coincidence, but it is too late to alter it now. Napoleon did win the battle of Austerlitz; it is unnatural, but it is not my fault. When the general who had surrendered a republican town returned, saying easily, "I have done everything," Robespierre did ask, with an air of inquiry, "Are you dead?" When Robespierre coughed in his cold harangue Garnier did say, "The blood of Danton chokes you." Strafford did say of his own desertion of parliament, "If I do it may my life and death be set on a hill for all men to wonder at." Disraeli did say, "The time will come when you shall hear me." The heroic is a fact, even when it is a fact of coincidence or of miracle, and a fact is a thing which can be admitted without being explained.—G. K. Chesterton in London News.

### No Drums in the Middle Ages.

As we come to the middle ages, when the nations of modern Europe were struggling into existence, we find that at first the drum was not used at all. So, although melody had been known and practiced for many centuries, rhythm had been quite forgotten, for what there is left to us of the music of the middle ages contains no bars, and we know that it was slowly and monotonously chanted, without the least accent.

In the eleventh century, however, things began to improve, more particularly as the crusaders brought into Europe all sorts of percussion instruments from the east. Various kinds of drums, tambourines and cymbals were then seen in Europe for the first time since the days of savages, and they have been used, with very little change, ever since.—St. Nicholas.

### An Epistolary Hint.

In the letter from Boston was a special delivery stamp. "What did she send that for?" the woman wondered. "The information she wants can be sent in an ordinary letter. It won't need to be sent special."

"That stamp," said the man, "is a delicate hint to be quick about answering. It is a hurry up device used by many men. It is very effective. A two-cent stamp does not always spur one on to any special effort, but a special delivery stamp means that the writer wants what he wants when he wants it, and the most dilatory correspondent alive is not going to let any grass grow between the scratches of his pen when answering."—New York Press.

### Mantle Rays.

"There are X rays and X rays, and there are also rays from those mantle things that you put on gas burners to improve the light." The speaker, a photographer, pointed to a batch of fogged plates. "I know by my coat that there are mantle rays," said he. "For a month I stored new plates in a closet along with a mantle, and all of them got fogged. The mantle, you see, contained thorium, a radio-active substance that penetrates a cardboard plate box as easily as it penetrates glass. I didn't know that till my doctor told me so last week. My ignorance cost me over a hundred plates."—New York Press.

### Shunted.

Editor—Is this your first effort? Budding Poet—Yes, sir. Is it worth anything to you? Editor (with emotion)—It's worth a guinea if you will promise not to write anything more for publication until after this has been printed. I want your entire output, you understand. Budding Poet—I promise that, all right. When will it be printed? Editor—Never while I'm alive.—London Telegraph.

A kindness done to the good is never lost.—Plautus.

### THE CONSULTATION.

What Her Sister Heard When She Listened to the Doctors—It Was Not Expected.

One of two sisters who lived together was suddenly taken with a lung attack she feared was serious, says the London Telegraph. She therefore sent for a specialist and asked her doctor to meet him. Talking over his coming with her sister, she said: "Mona, I wish I could know Sir Henry B.'s real opinion. Neither he nor Dr. M. will tell us if there is anything really wrong, but I would much rather know."

Her sister replied: "Do not worry, dearest. You shall know everything, for I will go down to the dining room and stand behind the big oak screen and listen to every word they say."

"And will you be sure to tell me, Mona?"

"You may rely on me, dearest. I will tell you every word."

"Even if I am not to get well?"

"Even then, dearest," promised the loyal Mona.

The hour for the consultation arrived, and the sister went to the dining room and, standing behind the great oak screen, ensconced herself and prepared to listen.

By and by the two doctors were heard descending the stairs, and a moment later they came into the room. Walking over to the fireplace, the specialist sank into an easy chair and the local doctor sank into another. Then followed a moment's silence, broken by the specialist, who leaned a little forward.

"My dear M.," he said slowly as he looked across at his colleague, "of all the ugly women that's the very ugliest woman I've ever seen in my life."

"Is she?" replied the local doctor.

"You wait until you've seen her sister."

### MAMMOTH MINERS.

The Experts Who Prospect and Dig For Prehistoric Creatures.

Mammoth miners are experts who know where to prospect for mammoths and how to dig them out, even as the mining engineer knows where to prospect for silver and how to extract it.

In the west, in Alaska and in Siberia mammoth miners are always at work. They are always unearthing creatures that died 100,000 years ago. Siberia was the mammoth's true home. Siberia 100,000 years ago was one luxuriant forest. Here the fur covered beasts, with their ten foot trunks and their fifteen foot stature, swarmed. Then an earthquake removed a barrier range between Siberia and the Arctic ocean, and those long lying forests were inundated. All their animal and vegetable life was killed.

The first of the drowned Siberian mammoths was found in 1799 by an Eskimo villager on the banks of the Lena. It was imbedded in a vast cake of ice. The villagers melted the ice, they feasted on the 100,000-year-old flesh, and then they sold the tusks.

Only the bones remained when Zlotov of the Petersburg Imperial museum reached that outlandish village after a journey of 7,500 miles. He took the bones back to the museum, where you may see them mounted today. He bought the tusks from the ivory traders and fixed them on the skeleton, and the book he wrote about his find is still a text book among the mammoth miners of our day.

### Safeguarding Crime.

It is inexplicable how those pessimistic carpers who are accustomed to hit all the minor chords with the loud pedal can fail to see all about them the unmistakable signs of progress and the reddening dawn of a new day in the social yeast. And especially is this true in matters pertaining to crime. There is no doubt that the general standards of crime have been immeasurably raised of late. Nowadays a man can do almost anything and get away with it, provided he can arouse the sympathy of the special lady writers and pay the experts. Ah, brothers, who can say that all this does not make for the general uplift? How can we hope to realize the better things of life until crime has been made perfectly safe?—Life.

### Sea Air.

At a meeting of the French Therapeutic society M. Laumonier showed that the therapeutic effect of sea air on the coast is quite different from that of the open sea—i. e., twenty or thirty miles out. On the coast the effect tends toward excitement and congestion and, moreover, is irregular in its action. Out at sea it is tonic and regulating, and in addition the patient gets quiet, a regular life and a continuous bath of pure air. These advantages are not so patent on board great liners on account of the vibration and the smell from the engines, but on a sailing ship they are evident.

### Chinese Idea of Government.

Here is a Chinese idea of prosperity in a nation: When the sword is rusty, the plow bright, the prisons empty, the granaries full, the steps of the temple worn down and those of the law courts grass grown, when doctors go afoot, the bakers on horseback and the men of letters drive in their own carriages, then the empire is well governed.

### Getting Ready For Him.

"Dearest, what did your father say when you told him I loved you?" "He didn't say anything, Harold; simply went over to the gymnasium and arranged for a course of boxing lessons."—Pittsburg Press.

Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force.—Emerson.

### WANTED THEM SAVED.

Lincoln Stuck to His Selection of a Hospital Chaplain Despite Religious Views.

The nomination of a Mr. Shrigley of Philadelphia, a Universalist, for the position of chaplain for the hospital was not met with favor on all sides, and a delegation of protestants went to Washington to see President Lincoln on the subject. The following interview was the result:

"We have called, Mr. President, to confer with you regarding the appointment of Mr. Shrigley of Philadelphia as hospital chaplain."

"Oh, yes," replied the president. "I have sent his name to the senate, and he will no doubt be confirmed at an early date."

One of the young men replied, "We have not come to ask for the appointment, but to solicit you to withdraw the nomination."

"Ah," said Lincoln, "that alters the case. But on what grounds do you wish the nomination withdrawn?"

The answer was, "Mr. Shrigley is not sound in his theological opinions."

The president inquired, "On what questions is the gentleman unsound?"

"He does not believe in endless punishment. Not only so, sir, but he believes that even the rebels themselves will be finally saved," was the reply.

"Is that so?" inquired the president. The members of the committee responded, "Yes, sir."

"Well, gentlemen, if that is so and there is any way under heaven where the rebels can be saved, then, for God's sake and their sakes, let the man be appointed."

Mr. Shrigley was appointed and served until the end of the war.—Boston Post.

### THE GREAT BOMBARDMENT.

A Constant Rain of Missiles Upon the World's Atmosphere.

The regions of space beyond our planet are filled with flying fragments. Some meet the earth in its onward rush; others, having attained inconceivable velocity, overtake and crash into the whirling sphere with loud detonation and ominous glare, finding destruction in its molecular armor or perhaps ricocheting from it again into the unknown. Some come singly, vagrant fragments from the infinity of space; others fall in showers, like golden rain, all constituting a bombardment appalling in its magnitude.

It has been estimated that every twenty-four hours the earth or its atmosphere is struck by 400,000,000 missiles of iron or stone, ranging from an ounce up to tons in weight. Every month there rush upon the flying globe at least 12,000,000,000 iron and stone fragments, which, with lurid accompaniment, crash into the circumambient atmosphere.

Owing to the resistance offered by the air few of these solid shots strike the earth. They move out of space with a possible velocity of thirty or forty miles per second and, like moths, plunge into the revolving globe, lured to their destruction by its fatal attraction. The moment they enter our atmosphere they ignite, and the air is piled up and compressed ahead of them with inconceivable force, the resultant friction producing an immediate rise in temperature, and the shooting star, the meteor of popular parlance, is the result.

### A Subtle Hint.

A representative in congress, who is the father of several bright girls, tells a story whereof one daughter is the main figure.

"For a long time," says the representative, "I had the bad habit of hanging about the lower floor when the girls had men callers. One evening I had settled in an easy chair in the reception room just off the drawing room when one of my girls, who was talking to a bright chap from our own state, called out:

"'Dad!'"

"What is it, daughter?"

"It's 9 o'clock, the hour when Tom and I usually go into committee."—Harper's Weekly.

### When an Ostrich Kicks.

"The only safe place in the neighborhood of a kicking ostrich is just behind it," said a zoo keeper. "An ostrich can kick a mule to death, but its kicks are delivered at an angle of 45 degrees. Within those 45 degrees, right about the 'pope's nose' of the bird, there is absolute safety. On the ostrich farms of California, when the herds are being driven, you will always see the ostrich boys holding on to the tails of bad kickers. The kickers tear along, and their scaly legs shoot out like piston rods, but the boys in the shelter of the pope's nose are safe."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### Condemnation.

"What do you think of members of European aristocracy as sons-in-law?" asked the old time friend.

"Well," answered Mr. Cumrox, "the way their relatives boss them around indicates that they ought to make easy husbands."—Washington Star.

### The Idiotic Affair.

Irate Parent—Am I to understand there is some idiotic affair between you and that impetuous young ass, Lord Bilaris? Fair Daughter (very sweetly)—Only you, papa!—Illustrated Bits.

### For Good.

It never seems to occur to persons who are getting married that they ought to take each other for good as well as for better or worse.—Philadelphia Record.

The tears of a penitent are the wine of angels.—Bernard.





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### LEGAL NOTICES.

Perrie W. Frisby, Attorney.

In the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, John C. Proctor, plaintiff, vs. Lula Stewart, alias Lula Chambers, alias Lula Proctor, defendant, No. 29631, Equity Doc.  
The object of this suit is to obtain a decree declaring the marriage ceremony subsisting between the plaintiff and the defendant a nullity on the ground of fraud.  
On motion of the complainant, by his attorney, Perrie W. Frisby, it is this 19th day of October, 1910, ordered that the defendant, Lula Stewart, alias Lula Chambers, alias Lula Proctor, cause her appearance to be entered herein on or before the fortieth day, exclusive of Sundays and legal holidays, occurring after the day of the first publication of this order; otherwise the cause will be proceeded with as in case of default. Provided, a copy of this order be published once a week for three successive weeks in the Washington Law Reporter and the Washington Bee.

ASHLEY M. GOULD, Justice.

A true copy. Test: J. R. Young, clerk. By R. P. Belew, assistant clerk.

L. MELENDEZ KING, ATTORNEY.

Supreme Court of the District of Columbia—Holding Probate Court.

No. 17278, Administration.  
This is to give notice that the subscriber of the District of Columbia has obtained from the Probate Court of the District of Columbia, letters testamentary on the estate of Mary Jane Arthur, late of the District of Columbia, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 9th day of November, A. D. 1911; otherwise they may be excluded from all benefits of said estate.

Given under my hand this 9th day of November, 1910. L. Melendez King, 609 F street northwest.  
Attest: James Tanner, Register of Wills of the District of Columbia, Clerk of the Probate Court.  
L. MELENDEZ KING, Attorney.

Thomas Walker, Attorney.

In the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. Lewis Hughes et al., plaintiffs, vs. George Hughes, defendant. No. 29413, Equity Doc. No. 64.  
The object of this suit is the partition by sale of part of Lot Two (2) in Block Seventeen (17), in Hall and Evans' Subdivision of land now known as "Meridian Hill," as per plat recorded respectively, in Liber E. C. E. No. 24, folio 499, of the Land Records of the District of Columbia, and Liber Levy Court No. 2, folio 58, and Liber Governor Shepherd, folios 62 and 63, of the Records of the Office of the Surveyor of said District.

Beginning for the same at the southeast corner of said lot, and running thence west on Erie street fifteen (15) feet; thence north one hundred and fifty (150) feet to the rear line of said lot; thence east on said rear line fifteen (15) feet to the northeast corner of said lot, and thence south on the east line of said lot one hundred and fifty (150) feet to the place of beginning, and the improvements thereon.

On motion of the complainants, it is this 2d day of November, 1910, ordered that the defendant, George Hughes, cause his appearance to be entered herein on or before the fortieth day, exclusive of Sundays and legal holidays, occurring after the day of the first publication of this order; otherwise the cause will be proceeded with as in case of default. Provided a copy of this order be published once a week in the Washington Law Reporter and The Washington Bee before said day.

ASHLEY M. GOULD, Justice.

A true copy. Test: J. R. YOUNG, Clerk, by F. E. CUNNINGHAM, Assistant Clerk.

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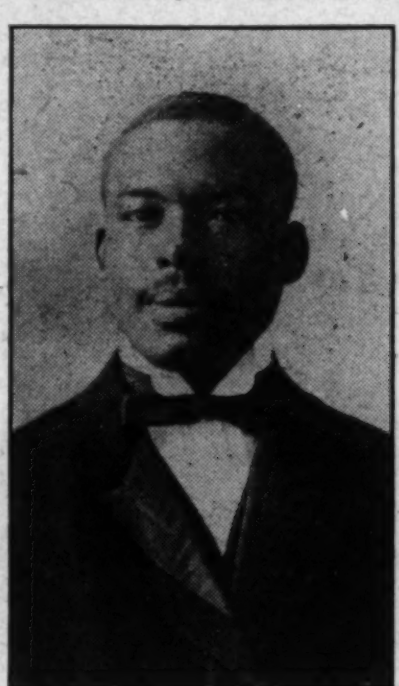
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